My First Fuck at 14 With Becca, My Perfect Step-Sis and Fiancé

By Shane MacVane II

A Teenager's Heartfelt, Diary-Based, MA-Rated, American Coming-Of-Age Love Story

FORWARD FOR THIS WORK

- For mature readers only. All characters and situations are fictional. No actual persons living or dead are depicted.
- Breaking laws is not encouraged, regardless of how outdated and illogical any such laws may be.
- Violating narrow-minded American societal customs or so-called established standards of conduct is not encouraged, regardless of how completely out-of-touch with modern reality they may be.
- Created for entertainment purposes only. Some facts are exaggerated for effecting MA-rated heartfelt entertainment.
- Enjoyment of this heartfelt love story is kindly requested of all readers, so please take delight in this titillating and emotional rollercoaster ride. Your ticket to ride is free.

Dear Diary… my new life… in a new household… with a new step-sis…

My asshole classmates keep pestering me about when I'm going to finally fuck my older step sister, Becca. They laugh at me because I turn really red when they tease me about step sex, saying I must want it bad. Or they say I'm a pathetic virgin, or too gay to fuck Becca. The problem is that I do care about Becca, but I think it's maybe only as a sister because my mom and real dad had no other kids. She's my only sibling, and never a pain in the ass. Becca has had a tough life, and mine hasn't been much better. There are times when I realize she's unhappy, and wish I could help.

I assume Becca is pestered much the same way about fucking her geeky little step brother. Why is step sex supposed to be commonplace? So what if we're not related? Just because we live in the same house doesn't mean we're supposed to fuck. I don't get that.

Becca and I share a house and a bathroom, but otherwise we kind of ignore each other. To be honest I was initially intimidated by her. OK, to be honest I was actually downright afraid of her because she used to be some sort of badass party girl before her dad married my mom. I would always try to keep my distance, and hope she didn't notice me. At first I worried she might decide to play a prank on me during the night or something. We have no choice but to share a bathroom, and use it at the same time in the morning. I was scared shitless the first week after my mom and I moved in. I was worried about what she might say or do when I was in the bathroom with her.

Looking back during those first few weeks… I always made sure I did absolutely nothing to piss Becca off when we were in the bathroom at the same time. I always put the toilet seat down, cleaned up after myself, hung up wet towels, put dirty laundry in the hamper, and so forth. After a while I grew to be calm around her. That's when I sensed a sadness in her… or something… I just wasn't sure what was up with her. There was just something making her "down," something deep rooted. I can't explain it any better. Maybe in time I'll figure it out.

Before my mom and I moved into my step dad's house, my life sucked. Living here has made me somewhat happy. I don't understand why Becca is like she is. Her sadness is almost starting to spread to me. I feel sad for her. Again, I just wish I knew how to help.

I don't have perverted dreams about Becca or anything like that. Nowadays we see each other in our underwear or wearing a towel when we use the shared bathroom getting ready for school. I always step out of the shower with a towel around me, and I don't look if Becca is on the toilet. If I use up the shampoo, I'll grab a new bottle and hand it to her as she goes into the shower. I refuse to be an asshole step brother because I was taught to be a gentleman. She treats me just as nicely, but in silence for the most part.

I'd love to hang out with Becca a bit to get to know her, but I don't know how to make that happen. I hope in time she'll get used to me and open up a little. It may take time for us to develop any kind of a friendship. I've never had a sister, so I'm lost for how to act other than by being kind… and by being a gentleman, as I've been taught.

Dear Diary… growing up sucks… puberty sucks… age 13 sucks…

I'm an awkward teenager of 13, and can't talk to my real dad about growing up stuff because he and I don't see each other or even talk much. He's out of state and has a skanky girlfriend who lives with him. Dad thinks if I visit him she won't like it, yet she told me she'd like to meet me and wishes I'd visit for a weekend. I wish they'd get their story straight. I don't know which is true.

I spend a shitload lot of time with my paternal grandpa, and he gave me the whole puberty and birds 'n bees talks, plus more. He's the only one who seems to get me, and I'm never embarrassed to ask him about growing up or sex stuff. Anyone else, I can't talk to about those topics because I get too embarrassed. Grandpa and I are not at all alike but we're kinda best friends, and we understand each other. Sometimes we talk for hours, but to be honest he does most of the talking because he's done a lot of interesting things in his life, and likes to reminisce. I wish my dad was like grandpa, and it's weird he's not because they're father and son. They're not much alike… not at all.

I know grandpa would like it if I was into all the stuff he's into, like working on old cars, but that's not what I like. The big problem is I don't even know what I like. I worry about that, and grandpa says that's completely normal for a guy my age.

Grandpa doesn't care that I'm not like him. He's actually trying to help me find what I might have an interest in. He keeps telling me he'll always support me regardless of what direction my life takes, or what job I get, or whatever.

Grandpa has a great sense of humor, probably because he's so smart. He never makes fun of me, and never teases me. Well, he teases me a little, but it's a kind sort of teasing about unimportant shit, and I actually like it. I've heard where kind teasing from people

who love you means they really love you. That seems overly complicated but it also seems right. But then why does life have to be so overly fucking complicated?

Grandpa has been working on his old muscle car for a bunch of years, so it's always been in pieces or being put together. I tried helping him with disassembly and stuff, but was often lost. But then grandpa found some things I could do… detail stuff. I cleaned and painted parts and assemblies. Then I pin striped the car body after grandpa had it painted by a buddy of his. I was scared to death to do that.

Grandpa has another buddy who does pin striping, and that guy tried to teach me. I watched him work, and he taught me the basics, and gave me some supplies. I practiced doing that for a bit on a spare parts. Grandpa said he knew I could do the whole car. He left me alone so I wouldn't be nervous with him watching me work. He told me the basics of what he wanted design-wise, but told me to pick the colors, and to mix them as I wanted. He told me to pick the design. Me, why me? It took me all day, and I had to start over many, many times.

After I finished, Grandpa told me, "you nailed it… it's perfect." I used the same colors that were inside, and then added another I thought went well. Grandpa then added that new color to the inside on a couple of painted panels. It really looked great. I never knew I could do that sort of stuff. I was always kind of lousy in art class, maybe because I can't sketch. Grandpa promised me a ride as soon as the car was 100% complete, and he said that day was coming soon. He was waiting for some final parts, like bumpers and trim parts that were being chromed. He said he wanted to make my first ride special.

Dear Diary… grandpa helps me find what I like… and also helps me with "finding myself"…

Getting back to figuring out what I like… grandpa takes me to weird places supposedly to find out what might interest me. Grandpa is a retired engineer and likes old mechanical shit. I don't know if I want to go to college for a degree and, even if I did, what my major would be. I tell grandpa I'm sorry I can't decide on that stuff, and he tells me he's glad of that. Then he smiles his weird smile. I'll say, "OK, what's up with the big smile?"

Grandpa says we can spend time together figuring all that out, and that makes him happy. That makes sense, I guess. Grandpa always knows exactly what to say, and he always knows exactly what to do to make people feel better, or to feel good about themselves. If nothing else I want to be caring like grandpa as I get older. That's one thing I do know about myself, and about my future.

Now on to my favorite part of this story. This is the day my life changed forever. This is the day… well… read on if you want to know because it's too good of a story to spoil, and

don't you dare read ahead. Please read on and enjoy the ride. By the way, again, your ticket to ride is free.

Dear Diary… the day my life changed forever… and so much for the better…

One day grandpa and I spent a Saturday morning at an art gallery in the city. It was huge. I reminded him I didn't know anything about art, and that I didn't do well in art when I had it in school. Grandpa just asked that I trust him, so I did. Grandpa asked my step sis, Becca if she'd like to come along, otherwise she'd be alone all day because our parents were away for the weekend. I felt guilty because it was expensive to buy tickets. Becca and I had our student IDs so we got a discount.

We started looking at all the really old paintings, and I kinda hated them but I lied about that when grandpa asked what my thoughts were. He told me that I should never lie. He told me when someone asks my opinion to be honest, unless it's a girlfriend or wife asking if the dress she's wearing makes her ass look wide. That cracked up Becca and me. Grandpa has the ability to make me laugh without even trying hard. He once told me that when he was younger he performed at local comedy clubs on amateur nights, and he won a bunch of times as best amateur comic of the night. I don't deserve him as my grandpa. I just don't.

We got to the modern art wing, and I started seeing some of the older modern art (older modern?). I kinda liked it. Becca seemed to like that artwork too, and we both took a bunch of photos. The museum had a lot of other areas and displays, and it overwhelmed me… overwhelmed us, I should say. I really liked the exhibit of 1960's and 70's hippy-art posters (that's what I ended up calling them). That exhibit was only for a limited time so I took a bunch of photos, and asked Becca to help me with that. She seemed eager to do so.

Grandpa bought us each a catalog about the poster art exhibit, and I'm not sure why he knew they had a catalog. Becca and I walked close together, and we talked excitedly about what we saw. There were so many old posters, many for famous rock bands from that era, some that we had heard of, and others we hadn't. That was so neat because these were from the time when the bands were just starting out. We searched for info on those bands and artists. It was fun to learn about them.

I didn't even think about the fact that if someone from school saw Becca and I together like this they'd tease me saying we were on a date. Becca and I had never spent time together like this, nor talked to each other so much. I felt happier than I have been for a long time being with grandpa and Becca that day. Becca seemed happy today, too, and I liked that because it seemed like her sadness was gone… at least for the day. Maybe getting out like this was what Becca needed, or maybe spending time with grandpa. I

liked spending time with him, so why shouldn't she, too? She's sort of his step-grandchild.

On the way back Grandpa said almost nothing because Becca and I talked excitedly about the art we saw and what we liked, especially the hippy art posters, and what was on them, like the old rock bands. We traded photos, organized them, and looked up info on the rock bands and singers they featured. We did that as we rode back to grandpa's house, and I realized grandpa wasn't saying anything as he drove. I asked him if he didn't like the museum. Grandpa looked at me with a huge smile. "It's a long story, wanna hear it this afternoon?" he asked. Becca and I certainly did.

As we continued riding back to his house, grandpa started his story. While in college for his engineering degrees grandpa took what he called art appreciation 101, and that it opened up his mind. There was an art gallery near his college he had to visit for that class. He also had dorm mates and friends who majored in art. He said art wasn't his thing but that he admired the beauty of it, and he appreciated how it opened up your mind and made you think.

Grandpa said he once had a really important project at work about 20 years ago, and he spent long hours on it because the company really needed it completed quickly. If the project failed, the factory might get sold, and then his coworkers would lose their jobs. He ran into technical issues that were hard to solve, and he often had to take a step back to see the forest for the trees. Grandpa had to explain what that meant. I kinda knew, but wasn't positive.

That meant when grandpa had a problem he couldn't solve he knew he was too close to the problem, and that he wasn't opening up his mind to unique solutions. Grandpa said that viewing art can help you step back, and open your mind to new thoughts and possibilities.

He said his toughest problems were sometimes solved after he relaxed a bit, or maybe even after he visited the city's art museum, which he always did with grandma. Grandpa said that viewing art helps connect the two halves of your brain so the dominant side gets help from the other half. He and grandma became members of the city art museum, and he was teased about that by some of his fellow engineers at work. They called him artsy fartsy.

Grandpa said he always had to dress up with a shirt, tie, and jacket for work, so he wore wild ties, and that was his signature look to prove his artsy fartsyness. That is, if he went overboard being artsy fartsy, then he couldn't be teased about it because you can't really be teased when you are proving the very thing they wish to tease you on. On dress down Friday he'd wear some sort of goofy clothing, like an ugly bowling shirt, weird shoes, gaudy plaid pants, or whatever.

He said he and grandma spent time figuring out what he should wear and that brought them closer together. Grandma even made some special clothes for him, like some of his wild ties, because she was good at sewing. Becca just smiled as we heard grandpa talking about his career… and about grandma.

When the three of us got back to his house he said, “let’s sit down and I’ll continue the story.” Grandpa did all the talking but Becca and I had an occasional question. Grandpa talked about right brained and left brained people and what it supposedly meant. He told us this was stuff we wouldn’t learn in school. This was from his reading and experiences.

Grandpa pointed out that he was left brained, that is, the left half of his brain is dominant, which meant he was analytical and logical. You know, he’s nerdy, and that’s probably why he became an engineer. Then he said grandma was right brained because she was creative and, especially, artistic. Grandma never got the chance to finish earning a degree in art, nor do very much with her talent. That’s because she soon became busy being a wife and a mom.

Grandma died when I was little, and I don’t even remember her, but I do know my dad said that grandpa and grandma were very much in love from the day they met until the day she died. Grandpa said that he and grandma were opposites, and that sometimes opposites attract. I thought that was totally weird.

Grandpa said to me, “please remember that I’m an engineer, and that you’re kind of artsy. If you haven’t realized it, I’m trying to prove to you that you take after your grandma. She and I got along very well, so it makes sense for you and I get along well too. I’m proud of you no matter what you do… or study… or like.”

Grandpa continued, “knowing that you take after grandma makes me proud of you all the more, if that makes sense. If she were alive today she’d be very proud of you, trust me there.” Grandpa seemed to become instantly sad, with a bit of a faraway look in his eyes. He’d never said anything like this to me before… about me being so much like his late wife, and that she’d be proud of me. Why didn’t he tell me that before today? It slammed me hard right in the chest. Why did he say that right now… today?

Right after grandpa said that he quickly got up and said he was going to get cold drinks and snacks for lunch. I just sat there next to Becca stunned, and I was trying hard not to cry in front of her. I couldn’t stop thinking about how I was so much like the grandma I never got to know, the love of grandpa’s life, and how she’d be proud of me if she were still here. Becca would think I was pussy if I cried. Shit! How the fuck do I not cry?!

Becca just started talking kinda rapidly, “your grandpa is so neat. I really enjoyed this day, thanks for including me. Your grandma must’ve been really special and it’s great that they loved each other the way they did.” I was really struggling hard not to cry

because I didn't want to be embarrassed in front of Becca. I was losing that battle, slowly but surely.

Just as I was starting to cry Becca shocked me by pulling me toward her and hugging me, hard. I begged her to not look at me crying. She blurted out, "I'm so sick of all the guys I've known who play bad boy. It's fucking sad the way they are. Don't you dare ever try to be like those losers because I'll disown you if you do. You got me, little bro?" I just feebly said, "yeah." She just held me, stroking my back as I tried my best to stop crying. That lasted quite a while.

Becca let me go just as grandpa walked in with drinks and snacks. Becca and I were very quiet and maybe grandpa realized that we felt awkward, so he just started talking. I realized that Becca had never called me "little bro" before. I liked it, even if I was a little taller than her. Holy shit, Becca had a special name for me! When did that start?

Dear Diary… my special ride finally happens…

After a quick lunch grandpa asked if we had time for another ride but one much quicker. We said "sure" and followed him out to the garage. He opened the garage door and walked out of it, and he kept going. I asked him what he was doing and he said we were ready for our first ride in his now-complete muscle car. We helped him with the big barn door and saw the old muscle car that was now all done.. I was finally going to get my ride. The car was beautiful with all the new chrome parts on it. It looked like grandpa had just washed it, too. This was the special day for my first ride.

Becca squealed with delight and started rambling on and on about what the car was and how special it was and so forth and so on and on and on and on. She then screaming loudly "shotgun!" and punched me… hard… in my upper arm. I thought, "oh crap," because I'd have to climb into the tiny back seat. Seeing Becca was all giddy about his muscle car, grandpa decided to open the hood and they talked all about the car. I think Becca was falling in love with him because of his impressive muscle car. Oh shit!

Grandpa talked up my contributions. Becca seemed impressed, especially with the pin striping, and said the colors I picked were perfect. Becca said the pin striping was subtle, so it didn't distract from the car itself, but added just the right amount of flair. She said most people who pin stripe cars go overboard, and she didn't like that. She loved this pin striping job, or at least claimed she did. Becca said she was only disappointed by one thing… I didn't sign the pin striping. She said I needed to develop a signature for my work. That idea had never occurred to me. Shit, I wasn't very artsy fartsy or right brained if I didn't even have a signature.

I never saw Becca so excited. Her sadness was deeply buried for a few hours. I was happy she was happy. What a great day this was turning out to be.

So my first ride in grandpa's muscle car was now going to include my mega-cute step sis. That made it all the more special. Grandpa always said to be a gentleman around ladies so I didn't dispute the rear seat assignment. To be honest it was only fair because I rode shotgun to and from the museum. I did offer the front seat to Becca for the ride back from the museum, but she said I should sit up front with my grandpa. Becca kind of had a weird smile when I made the offer because I opened the front door for her to take the front seat. Grandpa always said to open a door for a lady, and just because she was my step sister it didn't mean I shouldn't be a gentleman. When Becca declined the front seat I opened the back door for her. I remember grandpa noticed that I opened the doors for Becca, and I was glad he did.

Anyway, grandpa closed the hood and then Becca and I went to the passenger side and she held the front seat forward for me to crawl in back. That's when I noticed that Becca's nipples were hard. I totally failed trying not to stare at her perfect round tits. I guess fast cars made my step sister horny. Sitting up front, grandpa and Becca kept talking about the car and how much power it had and so forth and so on and on and on and on.

After grandpa started up the car they couldn't talk any longer because the engine was so loud. Grandpa shouted and asked what kind of a ride we wanted, "safe or fun?" Becca squealed "fun" and I just agreed because I didn't want to look like a pussy. Grandpa drove kind of slowly to a place in the boonies with only open farmland around us with low-growing crops on it. The road was straight… the road was flat… the road was deserted. There wasn't another car anywhere. Oh shit! Ohhhhhh shit!

Grandpa asked if we were ready for the fun ride to start. Apparently Becca answered for the two of us. Grandpa just revved the engine and it got really loud and scary. I wondered why the car wasn't going anywhere and then it started filling with smoke. I was ready to shout, "holy shit we're on fire… bail!"

Then we started moving and it got even louder, and it got scarier. Grandpa shifted gears again and again, and the tires squealed each time. Becca squealed, "just like the Beach Boys, rubber in all 4 gears." I thought, "what the holy fuck is that, and who the fuck cares about some dickhead Beach Boys?" OK, I'm sorry about that, I was just scared shitless. The Beach Boys are OK… I guess… I have no idea who they are or why they live on a beach.

We kept going faster and faster. Becca just squealed with delight. In the back seat Mr. Pussy clamped his eyes shut, and assumed the standard crash position like on an airplane about to fall out of the sky. I may've even grabbed my ankles and tried to kiss my ass goodbye. I feared for my life too scared to say anything, and worrying about loss of bladder control or bowel containment.

Grandpa shouted, “well we just buried the needle so we can slow down now.” Becca asked him how fast we went, and I didn’t hear it. Honestly, I didn’t want to know that we just went mach fucking one. I just wanted to get back to mach fucking zero. How fast did we really just go, and what needle did we bury… the one on the gauge marked “scary shit?” I’m such a pussy.

When we got back to grandpa’s Becca said she wished the ride hadn’t ended so soon. Me… holy shit I just wanted to jump out as quickly as I could to kiss the ground thankful to be alive. We slowly backed into the barn and grandpa turned off the engine so we could regain our hearing although that might take a few months.

Grandpa and Becca kept talking, and not getting out. They just wanted to keep sitting in the car and talking about fast cars, while I wanted out. I kept quiet. I realized that grandpa had a new favorite grandchild. Shit! Double shit! Triple shit!

Grandpa told Becca he used to be a race car driver and about how much he loved doing it. I just stared at him in disbelief because he never told me anything about that. Nothing! Of course he told his new favorite grandchild. He gave up racing just before getting married. A short while later my dad was born so he couldn’t risk getting hurt with a family to support. I felt sorry that grandpa had to give up what he loved. Grandpa cared too much about his wife and new son, my dad, to keep racing. There it is again, grandpa cared more about others than himself. I so want to learn to be like that, even if it kills me the next time I ride in the muscle car with its “scary shit” gauge reading mach fucking one.

With Becca around my grandpa opened up more about his life. I liked that because grandpa and I were so close. Becca seemed to encourage him to talk about stuff he never discussed with me, which was mostly grandma that day. I never heard him talk so much about her. He always seemed sad when I’d ask him about grandma, so I never asked too much.

My dad never talked about grandma, either, and my mom never really got to know her well. My mom said she liked grandma, and that’s all I remember her saying. I don’t even know how or why she died. I knew it was sudden and unexpected, but I never had the courage to ask details. The topic of my grandma just brought out sadness in everyone. How can I learn about a dead grandma when no one will talk about her because she was so kind and special that they get sad discussing her? That’s ass backwards.

Dear Diary… the amazing grandma I never knew… and our connection…

Grandpa, Becca and I went into the house, and grandpa pulled out photos of grandma. She was pretty, and seemed to have those caring eyes that looked deep inside you. Grandpa seemed to have a hard time looking at the photos. Apparently he’s never gotten

over her death all these years later. That's how a deep a love they had. I was struggling to keep from getting sad again.

Grandpa then showed us samples of the artwork my grandma had created by hand. What an amazing artist she was, obviously a natural talent, as they say. I just stood there staring at all the artwork. She used to make posters during high school and college, much like the ones I saw at the exhibit. She had to drop out of college early because her grades were bad.

Holy shit… of all the things I saw at the museum, I liked the sixties and seventies era hippy art posters the best, and it turns out my grandma used to make similar ones. They were often times advertisements for local events like rock concerts, sometimes for a free concert featuring bands or singers few people ever heard of. Some of her posters were for rock bands that later became famous, and those early posters are prized by collectors.

I felt so sad that I never got to know grandma, but maybe I could learn more about her from her art, and maybe even by trying to make similar art myself. Grandpa was just grinning with a huge smile, and Becca was too. Grandpa asked me what my thoughts were. I had trouble saying anything because I was choked up. Here was proof that I was a lot like the grandma I never got to know. Grandpa told me again he always knew I took after my grandma. Realizing that I liked the same things she did in art was weird, but I really cherished that. It was a lot of deep shit to think about.

Becca was very quiet. I was so caught up looking at grandma's artwork, and trying hard not to get choked up, that I didn't realize Becca was standing really close to me, and she was holding onto my upper arm. My left arm was across my chest and my hand over her hand. It's like we were so excited we didn't realize our bodies were coming together as if by instinct alone. Neither of us let go, maybe because we were subconsciously enjoying it.

I think I didn't start to cry about my grandma because Becca was holding onto me, sometimes even squeezing my arm. I later wondered if she held my arm to keep me from being sad. Right then I realized that she was sort of like grandpa in that she seemed to know what to say and what to do to make a person feel better, as if by instinct alone. Becca was caring when she hugged me and told me not to worry about crying in front of her. I don't know of any girls at school who are like that as they all seem shallow and self absorbed, or they just use fake caring for gaining attention, often on social media.

I asked grandpa if it was OK to take photos of grandma's art. He just looked blankly away and said he'd love that. He said that someday they would all be mine. Becca helped me take the photos. Then I spotted a poster I saw at the museum exhibit. It was

for a local concert, but by a band that grandpa said later became very popular. He said he had donated an extra copy of that one for the exhibit, and told the museum to keep it for their collection.

I was surprised to be told that Grandma's art was on display years after she had died. Her maiden name was signed on the poster at the museum, so I didn't realize it was drawn by my grandma. I think grandpa had to leave the room right then because his sadness was overwhelming him. I wished I could make him happy by truly being like grandma yet without reminding him she was gone. I don't know how I can do that. Maybe I can ask Becca for advice on that.

Later on when I looked at the exhibit catalog I saw grandma's name, and an image of the poster grandpa donated. It was supposedly one of the most important pieces in the exhibit. Grandpa later told me the poster's value, per the museum curator. I was impressed… no, I was shocked. I found out that other examples of her original posters were worth a lot of money because she was kind of famous, locally at least. It was all so confusing. Why would I like best the very thing my grandma used to make when she was a little older than I am now? That doesn't make sense.

Dear Diary… my promise to help my step sis…

While we were getting ready to go back to our house grandpa and I were alone for a little while Becca made a call. He said he noticed Becca hugged me, and then later she was holding me to give me emotional support. He said, "you realize that Becca is like me, and you're like grandma, so there's nothing wrong with the two of you being attracted to each other." He knew I was teased at school about how I should have sex with my step sister.

He asked me how I felt in my gut about Becca, and I told him I wasn't sure. He told me that some day I would know in my gut how I felt about her, and to not let any teasing affect that. He said, "the heart wants what it wants, and I hope you'll be honest with yourself, and with her. I hope you realize she's a terrific young lady." I started saying that Becca was my step sister and he interrupted me by saying she wasn't a blood relation and that she seemed like a good and caring person.

Grandpa also said that sometimes it's hard to find a good person to care about, and one who cares as much about you in return. He said, "I'm sure you noticed how caring she was today, right?" I told him I did. Grandpa added, "I hope you realize she's somewhat like me." I just stared at him and then at the floor trying to wrap my mind around that. So maybe Becca and I are like my grandparents, and they loved each other dearly from day one until the day she died. It probably didn't matter because Becca was so far out of my league I'd never have a shot at a relationship with her. I'd be doomed to a life of

merely worshiping her from the sidelines as her geeky step brother. Shit! That made me sad.

Grandpa continued, “you know that Becca has been through a lot in her life, right?” I told him I knew. He continued, “I don’t know if you’ve sensed it at all, but she has a sadness within her. I don’t know all the details about that, but your mom has told me some things. Becca seemed happy today with us… especially with you. You saw that, right?” I told him I did, and that today was the first time we spoke much at all.

Grandpa kept going, “today Becca was caring toward you. There’ll be a day when she’ll be the one in need of some of that same sort of caring herself. You’ve had to deal with many of the same things she’s had to deal with. That is, you have empathy for her situation. I’ve told you the meaning of that word, remember? The most important thing when it comes to caring for others is to listen, and to try to understand what the other person is dealing with. The second most important part of caring is being supportive, be it with verbal reassurances or with hugging. I hope you’ll make me proud by being caring when that day comes… when Becca needs your caring and your support. Please promise me you’ll give it to her, OK?” I said I would be proud to be there for Becca.

Grandpa said, “remember also what I’ve always said about being open minded because your grandma was the most open minded person I ever knew, so make me proud by following her example. The world needs more open minded people.”

Grandpa also said that he never thought he deserved a person as wonderful as grandma. He said, “your grandma could have married any guy, but she picked me for some reason. When I asked her why, she said that I was smart, funny and caring, and that meant more to her than anything else. So, you might be surprised by Becca.”

Right then Becca came into the room ready to go. I hoped she didn’t notice how red my face was right then. I realized I had a kiddy crush on her, or maybe I was falling in love with her. Which was it? It was so confusing. I never had feelings like that before for any of the girls I knew. Then again, none of them was anything like Becca. She was so different, and I didn’t understand why. Was it that her dark era changed her, made her different? I didn’t know her then. Why did I get so excited every time I thought about her? Why did I long for her to sit near me, to talk to me, to just hang out with me, and to be a little happy with me? Why?

On the ride back I opened the front door of grandpa’s car for Becca, and I then sat in the back. We said very little on the ride home. Grandpa talked about some stuff to keep the atmosphere from getting weird but I don’t even remember what he said. Becca and I were very quiet at dinner and our parents wondered if we didn’t have a good time with grandpa. We told them it was fantastic and we had too many new things to think about after visiting the art museum. We said we were overwhelmed by it all, and tired. I did

tell them about grandma's poster on display and how it was honored by a mention in the exhibit brochure. We didn't go into too many of the detail about the muscle car ride, especially burying the needle on the "scary shit" gauge. My mom and step-dad kind of smiled at each other during the conversation like they had some inside joke.

Dear Diary… after our amazing day… and our amazing ride…

The next couple of weeks were weird between Becca and me. We continued to kinda ignore each other but every so often she'd say something nice to me. Other times I'd say something nice to her. Summer was starting and I soon noticed that she was wearing warm weather tops and shorts around the house, and how she looked great in Summer clothing, unlike some of the girls in our school who really couldn't pull that off. I still sensed an underlying sadness. It's hard to describe… grandpa would say my gut was talking to me.

One day I went into the garage with recycling, and I noticed that Becca's bike had a flat. Adding air didn't fix it. I finally noticed the wheel was damaged. It must've been that way since last Fall. I decided to be more mechanical and caring like my grandpa so I took off the wheel and rode to the bike shop. They couldn't fix it so I got a new tire and wheel, and paid for it. I rode back home and put the wheel on.

After that I forgot all about it because I had a busy week at school, mostly because I was starting some new activities, including ballet classes at the local dance studio. I had taken dance and ballet where we lived before, but mom struggled paying for it, so I had to drop out. Now I could start again.

The next weekend Becca told her dad she wished she could ride her bike in the Spring weather, but that she had hit a pothole and bent the wheel. He told her it looked OK, so she should just go for a ride. He denied fixing it. My mom told Becca she didn't ask anyone to repair it or take it anywhere.

I was in my room on a yoga mat doing my stretching exercises because I had restarted ballet classes at a local dance studio. The instructor told me I needed to get back the limber I had lost since I last took ballet elsewhere. Becca asked if she could talk to me and came in. She asked me if I had fixed her bike. I told her I did because I wanted to be more mechanical like my grandpa. I asked if it worked OK. She said it was fine.

Becca asked, "what are you doing, and what the holy fuck are you wearing?" I told her that my mom had me restart ballet classes at the local dance studio, and I needed to get limber. I said that my instructors always said to wear tights when stretching and to not be embarrassed by what showed.

I started talking quickly saying, "I can cover up with baggy shorts if you're embarrassed to see me in tights. The instructors will ask a to guy wear shorts if he gets wood during

class because he's around the other students in thin leotards or tights. Some parents don't like it when a guy in the class has wood. After a couple of classes you get used to seeing the other dancers in thin clingy outfits and you realize they're all used to seeing you that way, too. I was only asked to put on baggy shorts during my first class. The guy's changing room is co-ed because the girl's room is usually really crowded between classes. Or if the changing room is full some of the students will quickly change out in the hallway. We're just used to seeing everyone kind of exposed. So, do you want me to cover up when I'm in tights?" When I finished I realized I had rambled a lot, and talked fast. I didn't understand why I did that. Why was I so nervous?

Becca said that I didn't have to cover up but her dad might be funny about it. As an example Becca said her real mom bought her thong swimwear, and her dad threw it all out. I had to work really hard to delete the mental image I had of Becca in thong style swimwear exposing her cute bubble butt. Maybe I could recreate it later that evening. I realized pretty quickly after we moved in that Becca had a nice butt. I'm not an ass man, but I do appreciate a well developed rear as I hate flat asses. Being in ballet class I do tend to notice who has a nice butt, and who has a flat ass. I saw no reason to not grade Becca's butt pretty high, maybe even a perfect 10. She had glorious round tits and a cute bubble but, and that was just for starters.

I told Becca I'd leave my bedroom door open just a bit, that way I wouldn't be putting myself on display but she'd know she could walk right in. I said, "that'll be our secret code that you can come in without knocking but your dad won't see me dressed this way, OK?" Then I added, "oh shit, did I just sound really geeky saying 'secret code'?" Becca giggled. She was so cute when she giggled. It wasn't a ditzy-cute giggle, more like sexy-cute one. It wasn't a forced laugh like some of the ditzy girls I knew from school.

Becca has a great sense of humor. I know she's pretty smart, but she's more practical smart than book smart. I'm glad she's not book smart. People who are book smart get good grades, but they can't do anything worthwhile because they can only read and regurgitate info to get high test scores. Grandpa always said that smart, funny women were his favorite. No wonder Becca is his new favorite grandchild.

I told Becca I'd like her to come in and hang out whenever she wanted. I secretly wished for her to spend more time with me. Then the thought of Becca in thong swimwear hit me again, and I knew I needed to strike that from my mind, at least until later on when I was alone.

Becca agreed with everything I said, on the condition that I'd teach her to stretch. She thought it'd help her with softball because she sometimes ached afterward. I blurted, "I'd be happy to" without thinking. Becca said, "want me to buy some skimpy leotards or is it OK if I'm in panties?"

I just stared at her dumbfounded not knowing what to say, and then she added that she usually wore eighty's retro-style thong panties. I fumbled trying to figure out what to say, and then Becca started grinning. Holy shit, she was punking me. What a relief because I wasn't sure I could endure stretching in my room with Becca in a thong because she has a really nice ass (wait, did I already mention her cute, perfect bubble butt?). One more thing… I wondered if by "panties" she meant… you know… only panties… as in… holy shit… topless? Oh shit, there's another mental image I have to bury for the next few minutes.

I'm surprised I thought of it so quickly right then because I told Becca, "holy shit, that's the first time you've ever teased me!" She replied, "well big sisters are required by law to tease their brothers so get used to it little bro." I liked the teasing. I liked it a lot. I liked being called "little bro" again. I so loved that she had made up a cute name just for me.

She added, "you know I wasn't sure what you'd be like when my dad told me that you and your mom were moving in. I could never figure you out. You're so unlike other guys I've known in that you're geeky. Now I find out you take ballet classes, and stretch on a yoga mat wearing girly tights with your cute guy parts bulging out. Plus, I had a blast hanging out with you and your grandpa. To be honest, yes I would like to have you teach me to stretch but I'd like to keep my dad from finding out. I most certainly will wear skimpy clothing because if you can deal with girls in your ballet class wearing almost nothing, or naked in a co-ed changing room, then you should be able to see me that way. We can set up a schedule that keeps my dad from knowing we stretch together, OK?" I agreed. It scared the shit out of me to agree, but in a good way. I didn't think I was worthy of being her step brother, much less her friend, too. What a glorious step sis.

Becca kept talking, "by the way don't you dare ever wear baggy shorts while we stretch, so if you need to please take care of your boner beforehand so you keep your mind 100 percent on stretching. Oh and one more thing, this is when your ballet instructor would ask you to put on shorts." She just giggled using her sexy-cute giggle again, and walked out while I looked down at my throbbing wood poking up through my tights. That's the problem with teens taking ballet, wearing thin clothing that doesn't hide wood or hard nipples or big balls or pussy bulges or bubble butts, or… well, much of anything that's fun to look at. How did I get wood without even realizing it? How embarrassing.

Dear Diary… The Glorious Becca and I start hanging out together…

I bought Becca a yoga mat, and we started our stretching sessions two days later. Two hours before the first session I masturbated, and it helped. Becca and I talked about all sorts of stuff while we stretched. We hung out together afterward for quite a while, and just talked. She said she didn't want to talk about her parents' separation and divorce,

and she especially didn't want to talk about her real mom. My mom told me a little about Becca's mother, but not much. I didn't want to upset my step sis so I didn't ask asking anything relating to her parents.

After 3 or 4 stretching sessions I didn't need to masturbate beforehand because I became comfortable being around Becca when she was in tights and a thin sports style bra. OK, that's totally untrue because Becca looked great with her tits, pussy bulge and cute bubble butt on display. Plus afterward she'd quickly undress facing away from me, cover with a towel, and then walk to our shared bathroom for pissing, or for one of us to take the first shower. She purposely started being naked from the back when in my room changing. Holy shit I loved it, but worried she was just cock teasing her geeky step brother. It that were true that'd make me incredible sad. Time will tell if that's what she was doing.

I knew Becca had a great body but thin, tight clothing displayed it very nicely. I'm glad she's not in my ballet class, but then again she's doesn't have a ballet body, if only because her tits, although small, are maybe too big for ballet. She's also not as bony as the girls in ballet. Becca isn't fat. Becca isn't skinny. She's… well… perfect. I like small tits but not necessarily the "nothing-but-nipple titties" on some of the underweight super-skinny girls in my ballet class. Becca has rather round tits, which make them oh so perfect. I'd struggle if Becca was in my class because I wouldn't be able to take my eyes off of her. She is just stunning. No… glorious. Oh, what the shit… she's both stunning and glorious! Perfect, too, let's add that.

Becca and I purposely didn't want our parents to see us getting along so well. I guess maybe we were worried about the whole step sex issue. We just didn't want them to spy on us. Becca and I saw each other wearing tights, and we changed in front of each other, but we didn't see each other absolutely naked from the front. Given that underwear is not as revealing as tights we thought nothing of being around each other in our underwear before school, in our shared bathroom, or after school before my step dad came home. I did start having a serious wood issue when around Becca. Likewise at times Becca's nipples would be so hard they looked painful. I tried not to stare… well, not too much. It's kind of hard not to stare considering the perfect tits she has. Did I already mention her perfect, round tits? Or her cute bubble butt? I may not have.

My mom doesn't mind me lounging around in my underwear, or tights (either pants, shorts, or briefs). She was in ballet when she was a kid, and we've seen each other naked a lot, and sometimes still do, and we think nothing of it. Mom said that she didn't have co-ed changing rooms when she took ballet because so very few guys took it then. Given that the guys are outnumbered in my class, and sometimes gay, the girls in the co-ed changing room never worry about being watched while changing. They tend to

watch me, and I enjoy it because it kinds of builds up my confidence with me being skinny and homely. I don't consider myself athletically built or good looking.

Becca and I do pee when the other is in the bathroom, but I ignore her peeing because I think that's the proper thing to do because I want to be a gentleman, and we're there to take care of our bathroom business. We'll shit and wipe if the other is in the shower, but that's about it. It started getting more difficult to not look at Becca when we were in the bathroom together. I had to convince myself to be a gentleman, not matter how cute Becca looked that day. What the shit… she was cute every day.

I wear my dad's old flannel robe to breakfast so Becca's dad will think I'm always well covered up. Underneath that robe my morning wood is usually killing me, and my wood doesn't go away too quickly, especially with Becca sitting near me in her awesome sleepwear. Of course whatever she wears I absolutely like. Even some dingy old flea-infested bag-lady robe would be cute on Becca.

A couple of times Becca stuck her bare foot into my crotch under the breakfast table and started giving my dick and balls a foot job, but then she quickly had to stop otherwise she'd be caught. I couldn't get into the shower fast enough to jerk off before school. I didn't understand why she decided to cock tease me that way. But it was teasing I loved. Did she know I like ball massages? If so, how did she find out? So weird.

Dear Diary… my embarrassing late-night encounter with Becca…

Eventually Becca and I started watching movies together on the weekend when our parents were out to dinner and a show in the city, or attending some fancy event. They'll usually stay the night by checking into a hotel, which makes sense because my mom's a moaner. There've been times when Becca and I would giggle about it the next day when we heard her the night before.

Anyway, the one time Becca and I watched a movie with a hard R rating on a Saturday night, and I got embarrassed during the sex scene. By embarrassed I mean, I got serious wood. As in painful. Becca noticed, and mentioned it, but not in a teasing way. I apologized, and she replied that I should never apologize for being honest because that's what wood was. Thankfully the action scenes quickly started, and the wood went away.

That was late on a beautiful Summer evening and we were in our sleepwear. I was wearing modal sleep shorts and a ratty tee shirt, and she had on a thin sports-style bra and stretchy boxer briefs, which looked so fucking cute on her. I could barely look at the television with her dressed like that near me. I enjoy spending time with Becca and never want it to end. I get sad when she goes into her bedroom to sleep by herself.

That night we both left our bedroom doors open so we'd get a breeze on that perfect night. It was warm, but not warm enough for air conditioning, and it wasn't at all

humid. Apparently, Becca trusts me to not sneak into her room and start feeling her up while she's sound asleep. Of course, if she ever wanted to sneak into my room and… uh, well, I guess I wouldn't mind.

That night when I went to bed I couldn't get the image of Becca in her sleepwear out of my mind. Holy shit she was so cute… kitten cute… puppy dog cute… fucking-cute cute! I felt sad thinking how she was right in the next room. She was so near.

I thought about masturbating to deal with my painful wood, and wasn't sure if I should because our bedroom doors were both open. If she decided to visit my room she'd see me fapping my hardwood. If I closed the door she'd hear it shutting, and wonder why I did that. As I thought about all that I fell fast asleep before I could do anything except start to pull my painfully hard dick out from my sleep shorts through the front gap.

Well it had to happen. I had a weird dream about bowling (why the holy fuck would I have a dream about bowling of all things?!). The next thing you know I wake up just as jizz is shooting out of my dick toward my face. I was on my back which was not my normal sleeping position, and sure enough I had sleep jizzed, what the lame-ass school counselors call a wet dream, which is a completely stupid-ass name.

What a mess. There was so much jizz to clean up, some even landed under my chin. It was all over the front of my shirt and even on my shorts because my dick was still out of the fly in my shorts when I fell asleep. Oh shit!

I grabbed a lot of tissues and tried to clean up, and then snuck down the hallway to the bathroom to wash up. Thankfully I was on my back so my sheets were clean. I didn't want to drip any jizz on the floor so I was holding tissues against me, and couldn't close the bathroom door. Anyway, I carefully pulled off my shorts and shirt, then threw them into the sink trying not to drip jizz on the floor. I put the jizzy tissues into the toilet and flushed. I cleaned off more jizz with tissues, and then flushed them. I don't even want to think about how I would've wound up with jizz in my mouth had my dick squirts been more powerful.

Then I washed my dick, stomach, and neck with a washcloth. I pissed so that all the jizz was flushed out of my dick, and then flushed the toilet again. Then I did a final washing of my dickhead and dried everything. It all seemed like a lot of jizz, much more jizz than when I jack off. Does a guy my age have more sleep jizz than jack-off jizz? Does anyone study such shit? Is jizz even the proper medical term? It doesn't sound Latin, that's for sure. I know, I'll make up a Latin term for it: jizzicus.

I started to wash my shirt in the sink, and it took some serious scrubbing to get all the jizz out (a huge amount soaked into the cotton fabric). I purposely didn't run the water very fast because I didn't want to wake up Becca. That didn't work. Because I was concentrating on my washing task I didn't realize Becca was standing in the doorway

watching me, and I had no shorts on. And I certainly wore no underwear on a hot night, not that I ever wear underwear under sleepwear. No one I know does.

Becca asked if I was sick because she heard the toilet flushing several times. Completely red faced, I told her sheepishly, “I sleep jizzed.” She said, “that’s OK, a wet dream is normal, and I’m glad you were honest with me. Do you want me to help wash your shorts or tee shirt?” I told her that I was OK, and was sorry that I woke her up.

She just watched me as if waiting to help somehow. I started shaking and then crying from my embarrassment of a geeky boy dealing with puberty, all while having his cute step sis watch him. I’m such a pussy when embarrassed. She came to me and hugged me for a long time from the side and I just hung my head crying. Becca said, “I made you have a wet dream, and I’m sorry little bro.” While still shaking a bit I replied, “it’s OK.”

She said, “no, it’s not OK because I did that to you. I purposely dressed in cute sleepwear because I wanted you to look at me… a lot. I like it when you look at me, especially when I’m in my sleepwear. You don’t have to suffer like this, so just tell me how to help when you’re horny before bed. I know what to do to help because of all the losers I’ve dated. You know I no longer date guys like that because I’m done with shallow losers. Please promise me you’ll ask for my help, and please be honest in that, OK little bro?” The caring I heard in her voice was incredible. I promised her I’d be honest and ask for her help. Honestly, I was afraid to, but I promised nonetheless.

Becca sort of turned my head a bit to quickly kiss me and I kept my eyes closed the whole time because I was dieing of embarrassment. Then she walked out. I went back to washing my shirt and shorts. I realized I had gotten wood while she was with me. I’m sure she saw it. She probably thought my wood was pathetic, like little boy wood. I wrung out my shirt and shorts, and put them on a towel rod to dry. Could this episode possibly get any worse?

I’m glad our folks weren’t home that weekend because her dad would kill me if he saw what just happened. I’m glad he and my mom have their own bathroom because that may save my life someday. I’ll have to remember to store a clean shirt and sleep shorts in our bathroom for the next time this happens.

I came out of the bathroom to go back to my room. The hall wasn’t well lit, but I certainly saw Becca standing there, and I realized she had removed the bra she had on earlier. I never noticed her no-bra attire when she was in the bathroom, probably because I didn’t turn on the big light, and because I couldn’t look at her for my embarrassment.

I thought that it wasn’t good to know that my step sister sleeps topless on warm nights with her bedroom door open. That’ll probably be good for at least one sleep jizz episode per week. She calmly asked again if I was OK, and I told her I was and thanks for asking.

I wasn't sure if she was going to ask but I decided to tell her that my new wood wasn't bad and so I shouldn't sleep jizz again.

I stared at the floor and couldn't look her in the eye because I would stare at her awesome tits. She merely said, "OK, make sure you tell me if you need help. By the way, yes I sleep topless and sometimes bottomless, but try not to think about that when you're falling asleep if you want to stay dry through the night. One more piece of info, that really is a big boner on my little bro."

Did I really have a big boner? Or was she cock teasing again… or was she being nice? I tried to clear all those thoughts from my brain to concentrate on falling asleep. Thankfully I didn't jizz twice in one night. That would set some sort of lame record.

Dear Diary… I start fulfilling my promise to help Becca…

After that Becca and I didn't talk about our late-night episode. During our next stretching session Becca was really quiet. I thought it maybe had to do with that late night encounter. That is, she didn't want to embarrass me about it, so didn't say much of anything. Then I realized Becca was downright sad, like when I first moved in with my mom. She hadn't been this sad for a while, and I wondered what caused this new sadness… or maybe just old sadness coming back to the surface. I felt bad she was like this again. Shit, what do I do? How do I help? She helped me that night by being so kind and caring. How do I do the same?

I just concentrated on stretching and didn't pry. Afterwards she asked if it was OK if we didn't hang out and talk. She couldn't even look me in the eye. I told her rather sternly, "NO… because I expect my big sis to talk to her little bro and tell him why she's sad." Becca started crying. Oh shit, what've I done? I asked if I made her cry. She said I hadn't.

I don't know what came over me… I did something idiotic… I got aggressive with her. I reached over, grabbed her and pulled her, yoga mat and all, toward me and hugged her… I hugged her really hard. Becca just broke down sobbing so hard that she had those weird gulp sobs. I had never seen her cry that hard so I knew this was serious shit. I hugged her for a long while, and was sad when the hug ended. I loved being so near her, so close. I'm never sure what to say during a hug so I just told her I was paying her back for when she hugged me that late Saturday night.

I said to her, "you've never teased me about that night or told anyone about it, and I appreciate that. I'll never tell anyone you're sad today. You can talk to me about anything… you know that right? If you don't want to talk to me I'm really not OK with that because I'm your little bro. I've been through some of the same bullshit you've been through." She just nodded and stopped crying. "It's my mom," she finally managed to say.

Her mom was much the root cause of her deep sadness, and the reason her dark era started. What was I getting myself into? I was worried that in trying to help I might make things worse. Once again I was overthinking simple shit. Bottom line was that I cared about Becca, and had always wanted to help her… right from day one. Plus, I promised grandpa I'd help my step sis when the time came. Here was round one. Was I worthy of helping her? Could I help her? It didn't matter… I had to try my best. Grandpa told me the most important things you need to do… listen, reassure, hug, repeat. That reminded me of shampoo instructions… wash, rinse, repeat. How could I possibly fuck up something so simple?

We talked… and talked… and then talked some more. Becca cried from time to time, and we hugged more. When we hugged I held her head from behind and loved having my hand in her hair. She couldn't talk to anyone else about this, not even her dad. The useless school counselors just quote the same tired old standard lines of bullshit that we've all had to listen to again and again.

I think we bonded even more because I told her, "I know all about school counselors after being interrogated and over-psychoanalyzed by those condescending dickheads and miserable bitches who think just because they took Psychobabble 101 they're brilliant. Those worthless clowns are supposed to have empathy but they fake it because to them it's just a job." I was so proud to know the word empathy.

Becca giggled something cute about me needing to learn how to pull punches. It was so good to hear her giggle again, if only a little bit. I had been sad myself because I had missed her sexy-cute giggle that day. I think I was addicted to hearing that because I'd sometimes do anything to make her laugh. Maybe it was more that I was addicted to trying to make her happy, if only for short bursts at a time. It was a good drug to be addicted to… making The Glorious Becca happy.

To be honest Becca did all the talking that day. I just listened not knowing what else to do but listen and hug. The hugging part was my favorite. Becca's body was so soft and warm, and I loved the smell of hair and body. We talked some but texted a lot about her mom issue over the next week. It was kinda complicated, and a solution wasn't obvious, not that I was smart enough to come up with one. I used to mindlessly stare at her messages hoping for the next. I was oblivious to everything else going on around me.

Becca had a schedule change and we had to stop our stretching sessions until we could find a new time. I worried that she needed them more for keeping the sadness away than for preventing baseball soreness or injuries. That's when I realized she continued with our sessions just so we could talk, or maybe that's the real reason she asked for them to start. It was as if we had a schedule for talking sessions not stretching sessions.

I was going to miss talking to Becca and just being with her until we set up a new time. Messages aren't the same. All I could think about was being near her… talking to her… trying to take her sadness away, if only for a few minutes or maybe an hour at a time at most.

I thought about how close we had become. I thought it weird that I got comfortable seeing her wearing skimpy clothing without getting wood. Well, not too often. OK, I actually got wood all the time when around her. When I did get wood, Becca would seem to ignore it. I'm sure she saw it happen. I also ignored the times when her nipples would pop out because the thin bra she wore didn't hide her tits too well. God, Becca has glorious tits, very round. Did I already mention that? Yep, I'm a tit man, always will be. Ass man… second.

Dear Diary… I'm in love… how the holy fuck did this happen?…

The more I thought about her the more I realized that Becca is perfect. She has a pretty face, beautiful hair, nice round tits, a fantastic body (with a cute bubble butt), and a mild pussy bulge. She's smart, funny, and oh so caring. She doesn't have any defects. I kept trying to convince myself I wasn't in love with her. Sometimes I'd try to convince myself it was only a kid's crush, and wouldn't last. My heart beats fast when she comes into my room, or sits next to me. I'll stare at my phone hoping for a funny or sexy text from her. Oh shit… I'm so totally… absolutely… madly… and hopelessly in love with my step sis! Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit! How the holy fuck did this happen?

Unlike my perfect step sis, I'm far from perfect. Like far far! Like Pluto far. I seem to be lacking assets everywhere. I'm skinny. No, scratch that. I'm downright spindly. I have no well developed pecs or abs, although as I get older I seem to be building up some muscle, but that's taking forever. My dick is pretty big but only when it's soft. My dick kinda flops around all over the place during ballet class. I'm no catch. I'm not worthy. I'm just not.

I don't know what to do about how I'm thinking more and more about how beautiful my step sister is and how we get along so well. When I see Becca at school I always take time for a long greeting. We text constantly, and I get in trouble for doing that at times. One time when Becca and I met in the school hallway some of my classmates teased me about being a virgin and how my step sister was the one to take care of that.

I merely sighed, then replied that Becca was a wonderful person and that I wasn't worthy of having sex with her, and said it all while blankly staring at her walking away… like a puppy watching its master walk off. The teasing subsided, or I was oblivious to it.

Dear Diary… my shittiest birthday ever…

One morning we were all at the breakfast table. I was in my usual old-fart flannel robe hiding my morning wood, waiting for it to dwindle so I could finally take my overdue wake-up piss. My mom asked me what I wanted for my birthday. I told her to not make a big deal about it, and that paying for my ballet classes and gear was gift enough. My step dad didn't seem to like me taking ballet, but hopefully if he thought I wasn't manly he wouldn't worry about Becca being around me. I tried to see the big picture there.

Becca had this weird look on her face. Later she caught me alone before we went to school, and was kinda frantic. "When's your birthday?" I told her the date. She said, "so you're turning 14 on this Saturday. Seriously? You'll be 14, right?" I told her that yes I was about to turn 14. I was confused by her frantic questions as we were running late.

That Friday we had an Italian take out dinner to celebrate my birthday one day early. Mom, my step dad and Becca gave me a few gifts afterward, and mom said grandpa would see me Sunday evening with his gifts because he took a small job in a nearby town to help a friend. That disappointed me, but I didn't mind because I think grandpa liked to keep working when he could because the engineer in him never retired.

My step dad had to travel out of town that weekend so he and mom wouldn't be here for my birthday on Saturday. I'd have to spend my birthday alone… with Becca. My mom said she was really sorry about that. It was unusual for them to travel that way, so I wondered why they'd do that on my birthday. I guess they had no choice.

I told my mom I'd be attending a start-up meeting and first game for this season of flag football on Saturday, and that I'd either ride my bike or walk. If it was raining they'd delay it. My step dad was surprised I was playing flag football. OK, yeah, he does think I'm not very manly, and maybe that's good because he'll trust me around his mega-cute daughter. For my gift Becca got me graphic software, presumably to make poster art. What a great sister. I'm guessing grandpa paid for it by allowing his credit card to be on file.

Saturday, my birthday, started completely uneventful. I went to my flag football meeting and game. Becca had disappeared, and I was so confused because I thought she'd at least spend some time with me at breakfast on my birthday before I left. She didn't reply to calls or messages, which was unusual. That really made me sad. It was my fourteenth birthday, and I was all alone in the morning. I was miserable at flag football. I played poorly because I couldn't get my sadness purged from my brain. One of my buddies asked if something was wrong, and I told him I was good. I wasn't. I was having my shittiest birthday ever.

When I got home I walked into an empty house. I was dirty and sweaty so I stripped in my room, and walked down the hall to take a shower. I was hoping that Becca would be

around or would use the bathroom while I was in the shower, but she didn't. I had no idea where she was, and why she ignored my calls and texts. Didn't anyone give a shit about me on my birthday, at least my cute step sis?

It was so stupid of me to dream for a happy-birthday hand job from Becca, or maybe even for us to shower together for the first time as a birthday gift. I started daydreaming a lot about showering with Becca before then. I was so disappointed that my daydreams wouldn't be coming true. Was having perverted daydreams about my step sis being shallow? Becca wouldn't like that. I couldn't help it… at least that seemed honest.

I assumed that I'd have to take care of any wood by myself later, as usual. All I could think of was that I was all alone on my birthday, and that had never happen before. It was just like any other day to my family. I felt like crying as I got into the shower. I was too sad to jack off. No one cared. They just didn't care about me. What a shitty day.

Dear Diary… my shittiest birthday ever instead becomes my epic first fuck at fourteen with my glorious step-sis, Becca…

When I went back to my room there was a big "Happy Birthday" sign on my desk, and an envelope addressed to "World's Best Little Bro." with "open immediately after drinking iced tea" written under it. Those things weren't there before. There was a bottle of iced tea and a big cup with ice, all with a note saying, "drink the iced tea to hydrate after football and before you open the card." Well, I was really thirsty so I downed the iced tea quickly because those were my orders from Becca. I opened the envelope and it had a home-printed birthday card from Becca, along with some gift certificates she made. Maybe this wasn't my shittiest birthday after all.

Gift certificate #1 was for "one day with Becca and grandpa at the art museum all expenses paid." Number two was for "one complete clean up after a late night sleep jizz; including laundering of jizz-soaked shorts and shirt." I laughed. Then I saw the third, "one first fuck at 14 to pop a dear little bro's cherry." I just stared in disbelief. Maybe I wasn't going to be all alone on my fourteenth birthday after all.

Right then Becca's arms come around me from behind. She held me, kissed me on my cheek, and undid my towel. I was so engrossed I didn't hear her sneak in. Holy, holy shit… Becca was naked… and stunning. I was already rock hard thinking about "pop a dear little bro's cherry." I'm glad I didn't jerk off in the shower. Becca said, "it's time to cash in gift certificate number 3." Holy shit… I'm going to fuck Becca. My heart raced. I didn't deserve this first fuck! I just didn't!

Why I wasn't nervous was confusing because I had expected to be downright scared the first time I had sex. Becca whispered in my ear that she'd put vodka in my iced tea so I'd be relaxed for this special birthday fuck. To be honest I feel like an idiot as I write this because I don't remember all the details. To say the least I'm an inexperienced drinker.

Becca had a shitload of condoms and told me not to worry. She totally took charge. She was the dominant alpha, and I had to follow her orders as her subservient beta. She asked what position I might like first. I told her that I wanted to gaze into her eyes because I cared about her so much, so please start with cowgirl. I probably sounded like a geeky 8 year old with a kiddy crush. I didn't care because I was so completely and madly in love with the person who was about to give me my first fuck. How did I fall so deeply in love with my step sis, and why so quickly? Answer: she's glorious… and she's perfect… that's why!

I don't know position names for sex. Becca started to try cowgirl but it hurt my dick too much to lift it upward for that. She said that was OK because my being so hard meant that I cared for her deeply. I couldn't argue with that because for quite a while I knew that I wanted to spend much more time with her, and I especially wanted to make her happy.

Becca asked me if I needed to cum quickly with a hand job before we fucked so I wasn't too hard for cowgirl. I told her, "I want to make you happy, and I want to see your face when I'm making you happy, so let's do something similar that doesn't require bending my super-hard dick in half."

We did the missionary one but with her on top, whatever that's called. Again, she took charge and was on top of me backing into my pink dick. I asked her, "really, pink?" She giggled, asking, "are you too much of a macho man to cover your dick with a pink condom? By the way, those are from your grandpa, so blame him for your wearing a pink condom for your first fuck." Wait, why did grandpa give Becca… I mean… oh fuck it, who gives a shit. Thanks, grandpa!

I wondered if grandpa was smiling right then because I wondered if his new favorite grandchild texted him that she was going to pop my cherry today. And I wondered about Becca and I having privacy today. Was it coincidental that we were all alone on my fourteenth birthday? My mom and step dad were away, and grandpa was supposedly at a job out of town until late Sunday evening. Was all that really all just a complete coincidence so Becca and I would be all alone this weekend for my fourteenth birthday?

I told Becca I felt sad and embarrassed because I came too quickly, and she didn't. Becca just told me that she didn't have to cum right away, and that she loved how I cared so much about her needs. She told me we should always be honest with each other. I could never lie or be dishonest to Becca. I'd sooner die.

Becca told me she had wanted to fuck me from the first time we spent the day together at the art museum. She said she knew I wasn't like all the other guys she used to date, and that turned her on… a lot. I wasn't sure I could really buy into that, but so what…

I had my first fuck to experience regardless. Later on I could think… or overthink. Right now my little head was doing all my thinking. Yeah, that old joke is lame. Well, that plus the vodka she snuck into my iced tea was doing my thinking for me. She always knows exactly what to do!

Becca told me she saw me stare at her hard nipples when we got into grandpa's muscle car that day we fell in love. I told her I thought those were caused by the car. Becca said, "guess again. Those were from me being with my sexy, caring little bro." I just stared at her in disbelief. Then she said, "it was all I could do to not fuck you before your birthday. I even wanted our first fuck to be on the night we met in the bathroom when you had a wet dream about me in my sleepwear. Do you have any idea how off-the-chart horny I was during that late-night encounter? I decided to wait for a proper first fuck on your fourteenth birthday." I had a hard time understanding all that, but the clues were always there for the way Becca cared for me. I just didn't see them because of the crush I had for her. I assumed I wasn't in her league, and that tormented me. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Becca said, "a lot of teens have a cherry popping experience on their fourteenth birthday." She loved the fact that she could be the one to pop my cherry because a first fuck at 14 should to be performed by someone caring. She said that she cared deeply about me, and she sensed I felt the same way for her. I thought my friends were just teasing me about first fuck at 14 as it sounded like something they made up to make me red faced when teasing me about step sex with Becca.

Becca started aggressively kissing me, and then started kissing me down my body. She quickly got me hard again. She moved to the cowgirl position and started. Holy shit I went really deep into her. Becca was jumping up and down on me she seemed so horny. All I could think of over and over in my mind was to stay hard so Becca could cum before I did.

Just because this was my first fuck it shouldn't be all about me and my needs. My true need was to know that I made Becca happy. That's the only need of mine that mattered. I'd fap myself afterward if I had to, I didn't give a shit. I silently prayed to God to let me make her happy… just one day, please God, just let her enjoy this one special day. Please God let the deep sadness take over again tomorrow if it had to… she deserved one day not being sad. I kept saying that over and over in my head because I cared so much for her. Please… just allow one day of utter happiness for this glorious girl!

When she came I felt her insides squeeze my dick. Later she came again, just before I came my second time. I felt her pussy squeezing me again when she had her second cum. I was so happy she could cum twice before my second jizz. I really thought I couldn't make that happen I was so horny right then. She was exhausted because she

did all the work. I do remember she did the backwards cowgirl, and I didn't like as much because I couldn't look into her face.

Afterwards I felt like an idiot because I just stared at Becca, and kept thanking her over and over for such a great first fuck at 14. OK, I was a little drunk, which explains why I kept repeating. She did deserve thanks because she was such a magnificent fuck. Hopefully that's not a drunk memory. I don't care if it is… she's magnificent… she's glorious. I don't deserve her as my step sister much less as my first-time lover. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Then she asked, "in the future should we have sex often, or go our separate ways and never fuck again, or what? I'm good with whatever you want because I'm crazy-madly in love with you." I just stared at her in disbelief and she had this weird smile and she just nodded to confirm what she told me. That was an honest nod, I know it in my heart. I'll never have another birthday as wonderful as this one, unless a child or grandchild of mine is born on my birthday.

I felt ashamed because I don't deserve her, and then my reply hit me, so taking a cue from grandpa, "I love you, and know I don't deserve you, so whatever you want is fine with me." I should've expected it but didn't… Becca cried and hugged me. She may've even called me a cute name other than little bro, I'm not sure because the details are foggy. This girl is so fucking far above my pay grade! How is this happening to a spindly, geeky idiot like me?

We just laid there for a while naked and sweaty afterward. After a bit we went into the bathroom to piss and finish our clean up. We had dinner, then watched a movie. Becca sat right in front of me with my arms around her holding onto her tight. I loved snuggling her that way, and kept nuzzling her hair and neck, trying my best to not leave any telltale hickeys. OK, not too many… OK, not too many in exposed areas. I hoped she had plenty of make-up to cover all the hickeys I was leaving so her dad didn't see them.

I asked her if she was happy and she said she was. What a glorious fourteenth birthday. What a glorious woman. I felt quite guilty about how I was angry with my family because I thought no one cared about me on my birthday, and how sad that had made me.

That night we slept together without any more sex. We just spooned. I was in heaven. My morning wood wasn't that bad. Becca insisted on giving me "sunrise wood therapy," a.k.a., a wake-up blow job. Wow she was good because she mastered ball massaging quickly. Because my balls were a bit droopy from her warm body being next to mine Becca pulled them away from my body aggressively, delaying my cumming. When I

finally did cum my first spasm was so severe it hurt, but a good hurt. What a glorious beej.

I felt guilty we didn't use a condom when she gave me a BJ, and wondered why she didn't put one on. I asked her if I could lick her pussy as a thank you for such incredible oral sex. I wanted to test out what I learned about pussy diving. She said she'd tell me later, and flashed a huge smile as she left. I stared at her glorious bubble-butt as she walked away.

I hoped she wouldn't wear any clothing for the rest of the day. Then I remembered grandpa would be seeing me later, and our parents would be back home before that. Oh shit, we'd better get dressed. And hide the shitload of condoms laying out in the open. And do a lot of other cleaning and tidying up. Clues to our activities that weekend were everywhere. How many condom wrappers were there… did we find them all? Pussy diving would have to wait for another day. Oh well, that was something to look forward to.

Dear Diary… now that I'm officially a man… pussy diving and more…

I have long fantasized about performing oral sex on my step sister. I always want to ask her for permission before any sex act so I can be a gentleman. I think that turns her on. Well that and a grandpa with a rare muscle car. This is hard to believe, but grandpa has given me pointers on pussy licking, using a diagram he drew. He does everything like an engineer I guess. Who knew that pussy licking could follow a formula and a diagram? You'll never see that taught in any public school's worthless sex ed class.

I wonder if grandpa won't one day write a pussy licking app to give verbal instructions through buds, and offer a wide assortment of pussy licking styles to chose from, each with a number and cute name. Copyright by my grandpa! I imagine one day saying to Becca, "so, should we try Pussy Licking Style Number 007, called James Bond's Pussy Galore? Or should we redo Number 086, called Clit and Tit for Tat? Then again it's been forever since we did Number 056, called Slippery Slope." Then Becca might say, "no, I want Old Number 001, named Becca's Favorite." OK, I not only think often about Becca's titties but also about licking her glorious pussy as well. So many jokes imply pussies are ugly, but Becca's pussy is pretty. It really is. OK, so I'm totally biased, so sue me. She's perfect. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Grandpa said that in his days guys were embarrassed to lick a girl, and many guys made fun of any guy admitting to it. He said he would do whatever grandma wanted, adding that when you love someone, that is you really, really love them, and deeply, then you want to please them any way possible. Immediately I wondered how deeply I loved Becca. Whenever I'm around her or think about her I feel happy. I've dreamt of licking her pussy well enough to make her squeal with delight.

Since my birthday, my classmates have seen my sister and I go places together. We don't hold hands but we obviously enjoy being with each other. A lot. The kids are trying to figure out what's going on, so I just tell them "I'm not sure what's going on between my step sister and me, but it's going to be fun for us to figure it out, right?" I no longer turn bright red when they talk about my sister. Some of my buddies envy me for having Becca as a step sister. It only they knew the privilege.

Grandpa "gets us" and that's great, and he knows all the details. I think the engineer in him realizes the practicality of step siblings falling in love if they're truly attracted to one another. Plus, if our parents were attracted to each other, then their offspring might have a similar attraction. It turns out grandpa and grandma fucked on their first date. I guess the late sixties were a very different era with the hippy culture and all.

Grandpa won't say if he and grandma were hippies or did drugs or anything like that. I guess he has to keep some things secret. Perhaps he worries that I'd think less of my late grandma if I knew she did drugs. I wouldn't because I'd take a cue from Becca saying she was honest with herself or some such thing. I'm trying hard to follow Becca's teachings, along with all of grandpa's.

My step dad finally asked me about my relationship with Becca. I told my step dad, "Becca and I ignored each other after my mom and I moved in. But now we get along really well. I've never had a sister, and I'm glad I have one, and I'm also glad it's Becca because she'd a wonderful person. I care about her, but I just wish that we weren't so different because if we had a lot of common interests we might make a great couple. I can still be a caring brother and friend to her and that makes me happy, and I think it makes her happy too. She deserves to be happy, don't you think?"

My step dad smiled a weird smile, so I assumed he bought that whole spiel hook, line and sinker. [Diary postscript insert: that's not true, and disclosed later on.] I think my step dad believes I'm a positive influence in Becca's life. He had a difficult time with her during her self-destructive "dark era" when she was dating aggressive losers, and partying a lot. I think my step dad knows I'm a decent person, but even more he sees I care about her and about making her happy.

My step dad found out that I was helping Becca through the difficult time when Becca was dealing with her mom. He thanked me for that then, and asked that I tell him right away if I needed his help. I thanked him, adding, "I absolutely will." He smiled a bit but with a weird look of what I assumed was worry on his face. It was unlike him.

Seeing his worried expression, I added some more, "I think she's going to be OK, I really do, but it might take some time, and I'll be there for her." He just nodded kind of sadly, muttering, "thanks." Maybe I didn't realize how worried, or maybe frustrated, my step dad was about Becca when she was sad about the issues between her and her real mom.

But there were also issues between Becca and her dad. He's never really forgiven her for the hell she put him through during her dark era.

I don't really "know" my step dad that well. He's difficult to read, much less pigeon hole as far as personality. I decided to risk telling him something that I had thought over for a while. Over the past few weeks I had even written down some notes just to collect my thoughts, then organize them. I practiced reading them aloud a few times to memorize them as best I could. In my gut I knew that I needed to tell him how I felt. I asked my step dad if I could be perfectly honest with him. He said, "sure." I told him I apologize in advance if what I'm about to say angered him, or made him disappointed with me. He just asked me to say whatever I wanted to say.

I told my step dad, "I think there'll be a day soon when you'll need to have a heart-to-heart talk with Becca. You are everything to Becca, and yet you've been cold to her for a while now. Please don't allow that to continue… please, it just can't keep going on. I only know a few details about why you've been cold to her, so maybe I'm way off base."

I continued, and was sweating bullets as I did so, "Becca's deep rooted sadness needs to be dealt with. She needs you to be a loving, caring father to her again. If you truly care about her, and I know you do, please think about all the things you two need to talk about so you'll be ready on the day your heart-to-heart talk happens. Most of all, please consider finally telling her you forgive her for the way she acted in the past. She desperately needs to hear that. I'm sure you know your ex-wife deserves a big chunk of the blame for Becca's low self worth, and her lack of emotional well being during that time when she was self destructive."

I went on, "please put that dark era of Becca's behind both of you and please move on. One more request, please tell her how proud you are of her, and how you're proud to be her dad. I hope you believe she deserves that, and I hope you know how much she needs to hear it from you. Please, I beg you. I worry about her, and wish for an end to the emotional detachment you two have. That's a big step to ending her sadness. Please."

I tried my best not to rush, and to remember everything I needed to say. My voice was shaking while I was finishing because I was shit scared of how mega-pissed my step dad might be right then. All he said, in monotone, was, "OK, thanks," and walked away. What the fuck? "OK, thanks?" Really? That's it? Again, what the fuck? I risked pissing the guy off, and risked him maybe even booting my mom and out of his house, and that's his reply? What… the… whatthefuck? Oh well, at least I stopped shaking.

Once again I wondered if my step dad and mom had a business trip on purpose on my fourteenth birthday. And why did grandpa talk up a relationship between Becca and me as OK. Then there're the condoms grandpa gave Becca. Were those just because he wanted her to be safe in general, or specifically for fucking his grandson for his first

time? That's so confusing because I wondered… did everyone want us to be a couple, and if so, did they want us to be celibate when we were? It was confusing.

Dear Diary… moving forward a bit in time…

Becca and I do have sneaky sex, as we call it, on occasional… when we can get away with it. Other times we'll sleep together… again, when we can get away with it, but when we do we mostly just snuggle, our favorite thing, along with me nuzzling her, my favorite. OK, to be honest, mutual oral sex usually happens. Performing oral on Becca is a favorite of mine because she's so incredibly sensitive, and I have to try hard not to drive her wild by being too aggressive.

I just want to do whatever I can to make Becca happy, and even more to keep her from being sad. Becca's experienced enough sadness, so her happy era needs to begin… and soon.

There are times when Becca will silently climb into my bed in the morning an hour or so before we have to get up for school. I don't know when she climbs in, but she'll just lay next to me… holding me close while I'm still fast asleep. Then when it gets near wake-up time for school, she'll start her trademark sunrise wood therapy, a.k.a., a wake up blow job. I almost always wake up right when I start to jizz. I don't know if Becca will ever get used to swallowing cum. I tell her to just spit it out because that won't hurt my feelings. I think she had a former boyfriend who forced her to swallow. I hope I never meet any of those poseur-losers. And again, I wonder why she doesn't want me to wear a condom. Does she think I won't enjoy the beej as much with a condom? If she's giving it to me, I'm gonna enjoy it, if only because I get to stare at her (if I'm awake). That alone will make me cum because she's glorious to look at. A condom would never ruin a BJ performed by Becca.

I don't ask Becca about that dark era in her life, which didn't last too long but seems to have had a profound effect on her. It completely ruined her relationship with her dad. There's an underlying sadness when she discusses that dark era of partying with "shallow losers" as she calls them. I'm going to do all I can to help her forget that time in her life, and help her make a shitload of new, happy memories to over-right those old, sad, and totally shitty ones.

Before that happy era can begin, her dad needs to finally forgive her for the way she was during that dark era. I don't understand why her dad can't seem to forgive her, and soon. Becca is his only child. Understanding why her dad can't forgive Becca isn't the issue… getting those two reconnected… that's the issue.

Getting back to our daily lives, apparently Becca found out that I used to get hand jobs from my mom, and mom was an expert at ball massaging. Becca decided to try getting me to cum from only massaging my balls. It just about drove me mad because it took a

long time, and she had to be aggressive. She managed to do it, and my balls wound up badly swollen. We didn't plan ahead very well because I had a ballet class the next day, and I found that only my brief-style tights were clean when I started to change before class. The stares and giggles were incredible, and I heard, "did he have the mumps, why else would his balls be so huge?" Talk about embarrassment. I couldn't even look at myself in the mirror. I looked like some sort of freak. They were huge. Like scary huge! Like Godzilla would be envious… huge!

After class my instructor asked me privately if I was sick or anything. I turned bright red, and rather sheepishly told her, "uhhh, I had… a specific type of… sexual encounter… yesterday." She told me that ice helps, but that severe arousal was a side effect of applying ice to balls. I told her, "I discovered that fact. I tried icing down there, and then the person I was with wouldn't take no for an answer when I was severely… aroused." She said, "I hope you realize that some day when you're older you'll look back at these issues and laugh about them, and then wish you could relive them." She smiled broadly, and seemed to have trouble holding back laughter.

The instructor then turned and walked away fast, and I could hear her loud giggles. I couldn't help to call out after her, laughing the whole time, "really, my favorite instructor is laughing at my painful, swollen balls? Really? REALLY?!" She laughed even harder as she turned the corner. She's smart, and we make each other laugh. I think I'm her favorite student because she's quite open with me, and often asks me to help out with the newer students, who are usually pretty little. I can lift them with ease so it's fun for me and for them.

That instructor once told me I probably didn't realize I was quite fatherly. I told her if I was I got that from my grandpa because I spend a lot of time with him, and while we're very different I've always wanted to be as caring as he is. I told her that grandpa was born with the caring gene, and I hope it skipped a generation to me. I got the biggest, broadest smile back at me. Maybe she was also born with the caring gene.

It was only later that day that her fatherly comment hit. I hope I'm my grandpa's grandson when I become a dad, and not my dad's son. I sometimes wonder why my dad ever become a dad. I'm not sure every man should become a father. Unfortunately, unfertilized eggs don't discriminate. Then again, there's the whole nuture versus nature issue. If nurture was all important, then my dad should be a better dad because he had great parents. OK, I'm once again overthinking shit.

I love being around the little kids in class because they're often overwhelmed by the intensity of the instruction. I guess I remember what that was like when I first started, so I just quietly blurt out one-line words of encouragement if I'm nearby, or nod and smile at them when they do well. I've written up a list of one liners, and have tried to memorize it. That way I can be ready when I need to be encouraging.

Sometimes the young students have questions. Some I can answer, and some are sexual in nature such that I have to tell them to discuss it with a parent. I'll tell them that if their parent wants me to discuss it, then we can talk about the subject.

Sometimes a single mom will ask me to explain simple sex stuff and anatomy to her son because he'll get embarrassed talking to his mom about such subjects. Maybe she has no male she can rely on, or the male is a Neanderthal who has issues with a boy taking ballet or dance. Many of the young boys who start don't take classes for very long. I wonder if they get teased, and decide to drop out.

I'm no expert, but thanks to grandpa I know some things and can explain them to young kids in class when allowed. The most common topics are: wood; nipples; size (dick, balls, tits); pussy geometry and appearance; masturbation; wet dreams; jizz onset age; pussy juice; farting; drying pee; shaving; butt hole cleaning; pussy pads; boys liking boys; girls liking girls; and similar.

If I ever made a list of the topics it'd be a long list. Why don't kids learn some of the things they really need learn at school, or from their parents? We expect them to somehow magically learn about topics that are sensitive because most adults are uncomfortable discussing such topics, or they live in a fantasy world where they believe their kids stay 8 years old their entire lives, and thus don't need to learn about sex or the details of just simple-ass growing up. Everyone has to grow up, so what's the problem?

Maybe I'll become a dance and ballet instructor someday. I'll have to ask grandpa what he thinks. I don't want to become a lame school counselor. If I become a dance instructor I might have to use ice once in a while.

Dear Diary… fast forward a little over a year… we attend a wedding…

My mom, step dad, Becca and I went to a wedding for a member of my step dad's family. Grandpa took Becca and me clothes shopping, and bought us great outfits, and they kinda matched. I know what he spent, and felt guilty, but we really did look good. Grandpa took photos of us in our new wedding clothing. I never had such a great suit.

Becca was absolutely stunning in her new dress. The ladies at the dress shop even said so, and I don't think they were merely being nice to new customers. The ladies also assumed we were a couple, and said something to grandpa about the way I looked at Becca that it was so obvious we were "together." A gorgeous redhead in her twenties was also in the dress shop at the same time, and I didn't even realize it because I was staring at Becca the whole time, and even stared at the dressing rooms waiting for her to come out when she was trying dresses on. I was like a faithful puppy waiting for its master to come back out. Most guys can's wait to get out of a dress shop. Our visit seemed only minutes long, not hours. I'm hopeless.

Becca and I told everyone we couldn't get dates so we were each other's date. We sat with my mom and step dad, and I did my best to impress them (especially her dad) by doing all the proper things for Becca, and also for my mom when the need arose, like opening the car door. My step dad did seem impressed. But again, he's hard to read.

Taking ballet class at a dance studio meant that I learned how to dance well for many styles of music at a wedding, and some of the unescorted girls and women were willing to dance with me. I did my best to please them all. I danced with 2 young girls, and also with 2 widowed grandmothers. I was asked why I'd want to dance with old widows. I said that if my grandma was alive and a widow, I would hope someone would ask her to dance and be kind to her.

A photo of me asking one of the young girls to dance was put into wedding album because she was the flower girl. I'm told she has a framed enlargement of the photo in her family's living room. In the photo she's obviously giggling being asked to dance by a teenaged boy, and I've got my arm stretched out while standing in a proper "may I have this dance" pose. Her parents thanked me afterwards, and I told them they didn't have to thank me for dancing with such a wonderful young lady.

I always did the whole gentlemanly thing by asking for the woman's hand to help her rise out of her seat to dance, and the bow thing afterward. My step dad asked, "who the hell is that, and what happened to my goofy, artsy fartsy, shirtless in tights, ugly flannel robe wearing step son?" Mom and Becca laughed at his lame joke. Oh shit, he knows I really do wear tights in the house, and probably assumes I wear them around Becca. Oh shit.

Becca danced with a lot of guys at the wedding, and I doubt she had any chance to rest. Becca saved the slow dances at the end for me, and I didn't see my step dad cringe or anything. While we danced we gazed into each other's eyes, and I quietly told her I loved her, and she told me the same. Others at the wedding all thought we were a couple, and we heard, "get a room you two." I hoped my step dad didn't hear that. I tried to cool it a bit in the way I acted when I danced with Becca, but I couldn't help myself. Her hair, her dress, her smile… holy shit she was just incredible that day. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Becca was just so upbeat… her sadness was securely locked away for the day. Becca and I were embarrassed in that near the end of the last slow dance many of the other dancers backed away so we ended up dancing alone in the center without us even realizing it. I guess we looked to be a perfect couple, and everyone seemed to want to watch two young people deeply in love slow dance while gazing into each other's eyes oblivious to everything around them. After the song ended Becca and I shared an incredible kiss. We heard some applause from the guests after the dance ended. I hoped my step dad was at the bar, or didn't see that. Oh shit.

A photo of our remarkable kiss is in the wedding album, and Becca has a framed copy in her room. I have a framed photo of her from the wedding on my desk, and as my phone's background. Sometimes I just stare at that image for what seems like hours.

I told people at the wedding that I cared dearly for my step sister, and that she's been through a lot. I explain that she doesn't want to date guys for a while, and I'm trying to be there for her, but without going into detail. Most people at the wedding knew about Becca's "dark era" as I call it, so they got what I meant. Then I give them that same line about how we have very different interests so it's a shame we'd never be a couple because of that, etc. I'm not sure anyone bought that line of bullshit after seeing us slow dance. What an evening to remember. What glorious slow dances to remember. What a magical kiss. Could it get any better?

Dear Diary… Becca and I are finally outed as a loving couple…

That night my mom and step dad got a taxi or rideshare to a nearby hotel saying they didn't want to drive after drinking at the reception, and would be back on Sunday. Becca and I were both exhausted from all the dancing we did. She drove us home, with me totally exhausted in the passenger seat desperately trying to stay awake. After undressing we decided to merely sleep together, and nothing else. We fell asleep instantly.

A few hours later I woke up and found Becca was gone. I heard the shower running, which probably woke me. I couldn't help myself, I had to join her. I was worried she might not want me to because maybe her period was starting, or maybe she felt ill or whatever. I wanted to be caring and make sure I asked for proper permission to join her. She was kind and caring to me so very often, so I wanted to prove I was caring in much the same way, or at least try to be.

The bathroom door was open. Becca was in the shower, and I was just about to ask her if she was OK, and if so could I come in. Then I saw a big note on the shower door, "Little Bro, if you don't join me I'll disown you!" What an incredible person! What an incredible body! What an incredible shower! What an incredible night of fucking! I don't deserve her! I just don't!

I've dealt with my horny step sister in the past, but she was different that night, almost unreal. Did the wedding kick start some dormant mating hormones or something? We had our first shower together, something I had dreamt of for quite a while. My hands ran all over her glorious body rubbing in soap. She recommended we shouldn't cum in the shower but have proper sex on the bed, and while trying many positions. It killed me to agree, but I knew she was right. My long-time dream of soapy hand jobs in the shower would have to wait for another day.

Even if she was wrong, if that's what she wanted, then I didn't care. I'll do whatever she wants me to do. I remember grandpa's words about grandma, "when you love someone, that is you really, really love them, and deeply, then you want to please them any way possible." I'll never forget those words. I've been madly in love with Becca for a while, and I knew it in my gut, just like grandpa said I would. Also, maybe my grandma has been watching over me from high above as I fell madly, deeply, and… yes… hopelessly, in love with Becca. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

We had planned on trying many different sexual positions. Becca put numbing cream on my dick, and a thick condom over that. Oh shit. I wasn't sure what to expect. I had never stayed so hard for so long, nor ever had such a hard cum. I nearly passed out when it happened. Becca teased me about how I let out a loud grunt when I finally did cum, and collapsed. I couldn't help it because it hurt to cum so severely, and after being frustrated that it took so long to happen. I teased Becca in reply because she moaned, which she never really did before. She told me she had a confession. Uh oh.

During her dark era Becca drank heavily, and did weed, usually smoking it. One of her loser boyfriends always insisted she eat a cannabis snack a while before sex, and she said she liked that effect. She said when it really kicked in she'd be a mess just lying on her back getting fucked hard by her boyfriend, and then maybe another guy. This was the first time she really talked about that dark era in her life. It scared the shit out of me, and at the same time I felt an incredible sadness thinking that her dark era, or whatever you wish to call it, had reached such a low point. All I could do was blame her real mom for pushing her daughter's emotional health to such a state that Becca nearly self destructed.

Becca told me she wanted to make our post-wedding-reception sex special, but we were both so exhausted, so she liked the idea of us sleeping first. When she woke up she decided to eat part of a cannabis gummy to help make it special. She was just a little high in the shower, and then afterward a little more high. She said that when she was like that she relaxed so much more, and usually moaned. I told her if cannabis made her relax, and enjoy sex more, that was fine with me. I wasn't going to judge her but be open minded as I was taught.

If I'm judgmental about anything it's about any miserable bitch of a mom or self-centered, shallow dickhead of a boyfriend who had ever prevented Becca from being truly happy. Becca's happiness is all I care about, and until her deep-rooted sadness can be dealt with, I'm not sure she can be happy… call it deeply happy (I hate to keep using the words deeply and happy but nothing else describes it better). To be honest, while I wished to be open minded about Becca eating part of a weed gummy, I worried she might revert back to the emotional state she was in during her dark era. I hoped her use

of cannabis would be infrequent, and not a crutch to achieve fake happiness through recreational drug use.

I told Becca that I had tried cannabis a few times, and liked it when I was high, but hated the "feeling miserable weed hangover" that I would get afterward or the next morning. She agreed that the weed hangover was the worst part about it, much like an alcohol hangover. I told her I noticed she didn't sneak any alcohol at the reception. She said that she preferred not to drink nowadays, if only to convince her dad that her partying days were behind her. She asked me if I liked to drink.

I told Becca I like to drink in her smell when she's next to me. I told her I like to get high thinking about how lucky I am to have her in my life, and how happy she makes me. I said that I do hate the "Becca-withdrawal hangovers" I get. She just held me and whispered to me, "you're such an ass-kisser, little bro." I so loved it when she called me that as it was my special name, and she only used it when we were alone, and usually when we are being emotionally or physically intimate.

I then jumped up, grabbed her body, and aggressively threw her on her stomach and started licking her asshole. She just screamed at me, "you idiot you're gonna make me pee!" I told her, "I'll lick that up next." I left her on her stomach, and she saw I was hard again, so she screamed, "if you don't start fucking me right here, right now, I'll disown you!" I was still feeling the effects of the numbing cream Becca put on my dick before, so I decided to put on a bright green condom with special ribs that we had never tried before, and started pounding her prone style, that is, with her on her cute belly.

She screamed again, "what the fuck kind of condom do you have on? Holy shit nipples that's intense!" First I thought to myself, "thanks for those ribbed condoms, grandpa." Then I asked myself, "who the fuck says 'holy shit nipples'?" Eh, never mind that, I have work to do here, making new happy memories for Becca. Oh, and I gotta ask grandpa where he got these condoms. Maybe they could be ones we use for special occasions. Well, along with numbing cream for my dick. Holy shit that makes for long-lasting sex, and intense cumming.

Getting back to fucking Becca, her hands grasped the sheets because she was clearly in ecstasy, and screamed during her first cum. I rolled her onto her back, and asked, "what's next on the play list?" We had never tried reverse cowgirl variation with me upright holding her from behind, and rubbing her all over, especially her tits, and nuzzle-sucking wherever I could reach on her. That position interested me, and I had no idea what it was called. We started with that, and went to variations quickly.

Becca bounced on my cock so fiercely I worried she'd bleed. I kissed and sucked on her all over. I did the same when it was my turn to do the heavy work in another position. Oh shit, I was leaving hickeys everywhere, but I didn't give a shit because I loved her so

fucking much. We finally came together, and collapsed from such exhausting rounds of fucking. I had hoped to try more positions, but there'd be other nights for that. We had never had such intense sex as on that late night after the wedding, probably because we usually had "quick, sneaky sex" when we could get away with it. Holy shit what a night.

After lying next to each other a long while we cleaned up and then pissed. We went downstairs to have a snack and hydrate. We threw on some underwear in case someone looked in a window from a nearby house. We just sat in the dinette eating, and replacing all the water we lost sweaty-fucking. I didn't know what to say to break the ice. Then we both seemed to realize we had gotten so close that we could be in each other's company, yet be silent. We went into the family room to snuggle, nuzzle, and watch some late night TV.

Even though the lights were dim I realized how badly Becca was covered in hickeys, and she laughed at them, asking me, "are you sure you weren't really drunk or high because it seems you couldn't control your hickey urges?" We laughed at that, then fell asleep in each other's arms on the couch.

That incredible evening and night is a favorite memory in my life. I was with the woman I'm madly in love with, at a wedding where we slow danced all alone gazing deeply into each other's eyes, followed by an incredible kiss caught on camera. We had our first shower, then had a frantic yet long-lasting sex, followed by falling asleep content and exhausted in each other's arms. I wish we could've video recorded that day so we could play it back for our children one day. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

We were still sleeping on the couch in our underwear when our parents got home. Oh shit, we're caught, and Becca was covered in hickeys. My mom had this weird look on her face, and Becca's dad was silent and unemotional, and just walked by saying nothing. Oh shit shit shit shit shit! Becca ran upstairs crying. Her dad went to his bedroom silently. My mom went into the kitchen, and I followed her. She faced away from me, and was crying, holding her hands to her face. Oh shit, I really disappointed her. What a shitty son I am. She deserves better.

I started apologizing over and over, and she just shook her head, and she kept saying, "stop, Shane, stop, just stop." Wow… she… was… pissed. I said I was sorry one more time, and then went silent, waiting for a chewing out. I hung my head, and I couldn't even look up at her I was so embarrassed we got caught after our epic fucking. She came up to me and hugged me. I said I was sorry through tears, and just cried while we held each other, and with me trying to apologize.

Mom said to me, "Shane, please, don't you get it? I'm happy for you… I'm happy for the two of you. I'm proud of you, and always have been. I know I never say that often

enough. All I want is for you to be happy… for the two of you to be happy." I stopped crying, and just stared at her. She had this weird smile on her face.

I grabbed my mom and hugged her, and we both cried. I tried my best to say, "thank you." Mom finally asked me at the end of our long hug, "do you love her… do you really love her?" All I could get out was, "so bad it hurts, mom." She just squeezed me harder.

After we ended our hug, I said to her, "mom, to be honest, her sadness, her deep sadness… it just kills me inside, and there's nothing I seem to be able to do about it. I want to make her happy, and I'm not sure I can. She seems so happy at times, but she's still dealing with emotional issues that absolutely will not go away. I don't know what to do when her sadness takes over. What can I do?" I was sobbing the whole time I said that because thinking about Becca's sadness makes me upset. My mom just sighed, and said that she knew exactly what I meant as she hugged me a long while to calm me down because I was so upset about Becca. Mom was in her "caring mom mode." I so needed that right then.

And all I could wonder is why our parents didn't they tell us from the start that they were OK with Becca and me being a couple, and set ground rules? I wondered how pissed my step dad was with me, but more importantly, how upset was he with his daughter, his only daughter, whom he had been cold to for far too long. Why wouldn't Becca's dad forgive her? Her dark era was over, and had been for a while. I realized there were details to that issue I didn't know, would never know, and so I'd never understand why forgiveness never happened. Then again, I mean true forgiveness, not phony forgiveness, with an underlying mistrust that went forward in time. Phony forgiveness may've made it worse.

Dear Diary… Becca and her dad finally start to reconnect…

Mom and I saw my step dad walking upstairs, and I assumed he was going to talk to Becca. My mom started after him, and I held her to prevent that. I told her, "please don't go. I think those two need a lot of alone time right now. A long talk is overdue." My mom looked at me funny, and I merely asked her to trust me. She agreed, but was still somewhat confused.

I think my mom soon realized what was happening. She kept looking at the stairs waiting for either father or daughter to walk down. He was up there a long time. We heard no loud voices, and I was hopeful that was a good sign. Then I did my usual overthinking, and wondered if screaming might've been therapeutic.

Shit, this waiting was nerve racking for us, and the longer it lasted the more I worried. Maybe I also have the "worry gene." In the meantime mom and I had some breakfast. She teased me, "are you going to wear your underwear around the house all day today? Your step father might prefer you not do that, and I hope you know why." Then mom

giggled, and then giggled some more. I had a good idea why. I just said to her, “OK, I get it, the next time I’ll try harder not to leave hickeys. Sheesh!” She just burst out laughing, and I laughed with her. We so needed that right then.

Becca and her dad did have their overdue long talk. When I checked on her later I didn’t ask about any details but merely told her I was glad they talked, and that I was available if she needed me. She was quiet… really quiet… maybe too quiet… oh shit. I was worried about how sad she might be if the talk with her dad didn’t go well. I didn’t know what to do, so I just sat next to her and held her. She just started sobbing, and then she just started doing that gulp-sob thing. I held her tighter and stroked her for a long time.

Becca needed to do some serious crying. I hoped it would purge at least some of her deep-rooted sadness. I knew I had to tell her that I had asked her dad to have a long talk with her. It killed me to have to do that because I didn’t want to make her upset with me. Becca always talked about how I was honest, and how that was a turn on. Oh shit. I’m dreading this confession, but I’ll do it like ripping off an old bandaid. I’ll do it quickly, and deal with the fallout afterward. Talk about stomach knots.

It took a long while, but Becca calmed down. I got the nerve to ask her if that was a good cry. She said, “yeah, I guess it was.” I asked, “was that long talk overdue?” She said that it was. Then she turned to look at me. Becca just stared at me trying to figure things out. I had to tell her, I couldn’t delay any longer. I silently prayed she wouldn’t be pissed… well, at least not too, too pissed. Shit, I’m such a pussy!

I confessed to her, “Becca, I have a confession… a while ago I got really blunt with your dad, and told him I thought you two were overdue for a long talk, and for an apology from him. I’m sorry to have butted in like that, but I thought it had to happen. If you’re angry at me for butting in I understand.”

I continued, “I hope you and your dad can move on from here and be closer. Please tell me it went well. If it didn’t, I’m sorry I butted in, but I just had to.”

That’s when I knew… oh shit… I knew I had to confess to her about something that would upset her. I said, “Becca, it kills me inside when your sadness takes hold, and I think reconnecting with you dad will help.” She had tears in her eyes as she kept looking at me, and as she started crying again… hard… then she pulled me in for another hug. I held her for a long time, with her crying on and off. At times she shook so hard sobbing it worried me. I had no idea if all this was good or bad. Yep, I was overthinking shit… again.

We sat there holding each other and lost track of time. We didn’t need to say anything more, probably because there was nothing more to say. Long lasting hugs are like that, they silently say what needs to be said, hell I don’t know, I’m the guy who always

overthinks shit. We spent the day with each other watching TV in the family room, and trying hard to not look overly affectionate, as in trying not to look like horny teens. The copious hickeys didn't help make us look innocent. We just sat near each other… quietly. Maybe I was waiting quietly should I be needed for dispensing strong-hug therapy… not the worst job in the world.

Dear Diary… moving on as a loving couple…

Becca seemed a happier person after that. At risk of sounding cliché, it was as if her deep down sadness was finally starting to go away… but slowly. Each day she seemed a little bit happier. I still don't understand why it took so long for Becca's dad to forgive her, and reconnect. My step dad was less dour after that, or some such thing as it's hard to describe him. Like I said he's difficult to pigeon hole as far as his personality. Father and daughter did seem to be better, even happier, around one another, but not necessarily loving. I haven't seen any hugging. One step at a time I guess.

My step dad never said a word to me after arriving home the day after the wedding, and catching Becca and me sleeping together on the family room couch in our underwear, and her covered in hickeys. He never set any rules or boundaries for her, or us, now that we were outed as a couple. We had expected him to set rules, but he probably knew we were adult enough to do that for ourselves. Plus he needed to prove he trusted his daughter again. Forgiveness and trust have to go hand in hand. It took me a little while to figure that out.

Becca and I did set our own rules of conduct for around the house. We definitely tried our best to not look all sickening, kiddy-crush, lovey-dovey. Becca and I also made sure that our school work was a top priority, and that our grades were good (they improved). We also made sure we pitched in doing chores. I told Becca she had better not ever moan when our parents were in the house. We just laughed at our inside joke as my mom was still a moaner, and didn't mind if we heard her when our parents made love at home instead of a hotel.

On that day Becca (and a couple-few days beyond) did have the worst case of hickeys I've ever seen. We kept laughing about it until they faded. Her friends at school didn't ask about them. Becca thought her classmates were envious. Becca refused to cover the hickeys with makeup or clothing, or provide details. Maybe they were a badge of honor for her. Whatever the reason, we did save photos for our future scrapbook… for our future family… of the day we officially became a couple.

My mom has friends and family who ask about her son and step daughter being a couple, and one miserable old biddy of a total bitch tried to pooh-pooh the relationship. Mom has a standard reply ready, something about if her son was happy she was all-in, and that she couldn't ask for a better girl to be with him. Thanks, mom.

Becca told me that one day my mom asked her if she truly loved me. Becca told her she fell for me that first day we spent with grandpa. She added that my caring ways were what she was attracted to that day, adding that I was the first guy she ever met who cared so much for her and for her emotional well being, instead of using her to impress others.

Becca added, “Shane cares about making me happy, and becomes upset if I’m sad. If I’m sad he’s sad. He’s a remarkable guy. He’s upbeat, and always has a smile. How could I not fall for a guy like him?” Becca continued, “you know what he’s like because you raised him, and raised him well. I doubt his dad had much to do with that. I don’t deserve Shane.”

I didn’t overhear all that but Becca tried to remember what she said because she wanted me to know my mom asked the question, and mom seemed to like Becca’s reply. When Becca told me all that I told her it sounded like she was being an ass kisser. She fell silent, as if deep in thought. I finally couldn’t let her sit there spinning her mental wheels like that and told her, “for shit’s sake, I’m not looking for a rim job, buuuut…” I got a punch in the upper arm for that one. We laughed. Smart and funny… and strong as shit. I don’t deserve her! I just don’t!

The wedding weekend changed our lives as a family. We made incredible memories, and “things” happened that needed to happen, things like Becca and I being outed as a couple, and my step dad finally forgiving and reconnecting with his daughter. Who knew that a simple wedding weekend could bring about major milestones for a family who merely attended?

When we received a thank you card from the newlyweds for our gift, there was also a long note thanking us for helping make their wedding day special, along with two small proof photos of our amazing post-dance kiss (the background lighting was amazing), and the flower girl dance request. We were told those would be going into the wedding album proving what a special day it was. Every time my mom and Becca read the note together and looked at the photos they start crying. Well, add one more item to the list of things that happened that wedding weekend… bonding between Becca and my mom.

Dear Diary… more notes about that epic wedding…

Getting back to discussing the wedding itself… I got to meet much of my step dad’s family, including reconnecting with ones I had met before. That included his sister, my step aunt Robin, and her daughter, my step cousin Rachel. Robin is a single parent. Her daughter Rachel seemed to be a wallflower… still… and very unlike her mom in that Robin is outgoing, and Rachel hides in her shadow.

I danced with my step aunt Robin, and loved it. Robin is an absolute blast to be around. I could see Robin pouncing on me for a quick fuck if we were ever alone. I remember thinking about that possibility one time while jacking off a week or so later. Shame on me for that but Robin reminds me of Becca.

Robin could probably out-drink any guy at the wedding. She's smart, funny, and always has a smile. At risk of sounding cliché she lives life to its fullest, and I wish I could be more like her. I see some of her in Becca especially in that Becca was such a badass party girl before my mom and her dad married. If Becca's underlying sadness can be exorcised then she'll be more like her aunt, but less manic than Robin. That's the best way I can describe it, and if that doesn't make sense then I ain't got nuthin' else.

Then there's Robin's daughter, Rachel, the wallflower. Becca said that she thought Rachel would be outgoing if given the chance. I sensed that Rachel perhaps had something tragic happen to her such that she became extremely shy. Becca said that her cousin would probably be a virgin until the day she died unless someone could get her out of her shell.

Becca then gave me a big smile. Oh holy shit nipples, I know that look. (FYI, yes, I now use that expression, and love to!) I reminded Becca that Rachel was older than me. Becca said that made me the perfect guy to give Rachel her first fuck at… almost 17. Becca said that her Aunt Robin thought Rachel was overdue for her first fuck, so Robin was all-in for her daughter having her cherry popped.

What the shit, am I some sort of old stud horse? Maybe I should star in a retro TV show, "Have Dick, Will Travel." What the fuck already, I'm too young to be put out for stud like an old worn-out thoroughbred horse.

I asked Becca if she'd be jealous if I had sex with Rachel. Becca told me that pre-marriage monogamy just wasn't her thing, and she didn't expect it from a guy. Becca looked at me with those caring eyes of hers and said that her and Rachel had had weekly sleepovers when they were younger, and they're nearly the same age. They're still close today. I guess when cousins are nearly the same age, and spend a lot of time together, they'll wind up like close sisters, or even fraternal twins. Becca said she wanted her cousin to be happy, and Becca didn't think Rachel was happy being so shy.

Becca said that Rachel was always shy, but never like she was at the wedding. I asked if Rachel had some tragedy happen to her to make her so shy. Becca said that Rachel found out who her dad was, and when she contacted him that he didn't want anything to do with his daughter. Apparently, he never even paid child support, which Robin was entitled to. The guy never did anything for his daughter, and when she just wanted to meet him, he treated her like shit. I thought that was messed up. There are too many self-centered dickheads like him in the world. Maybe some secret government lab can

develop a deadly chemical agent that targets only self-centered dickheads. Is that asking too much? Yeah, I know, more of my overthinking shit.

I can see how Robin would feel badly about her daughter being shy and sad because Robin decided to be a single parent after letting a self-centered, uncaring, loser of a complete dickhead knock her up when she was horny… and young… and, uh, horny. Honesty is what Becca tells me turns her on, so I want to be honest in these details, so I have no proof Rachel's dad is a complete dickhead. Maybe he's actually an incomplete dickhead. Jus' sayin'.

I asked Becca if she thought we could get Robin to team up with us to help Rachel. Becca said that her aunt Robin wanted Rachel to be at least a bit more outgoing. Long story short, I had to be the one to make Rachel a woman. It was a tough, dangerous job, but I volunteered. I'll try to add more about Rachel later, but I'm going to omit details on Rachel's first fuck at nearly 17 by this old stud. A couple of details… one, Rachel moaned… a lot. Two, she was silent when cumming. Also, she wouldn't let me near her clit when I tried to lick it while diving on her pussy. Becca's clit is super sensitive, too, but Rachel kinda freaked out when I got too close.

What the fuck kind of girl moans like a banshee, then has a silent orgasm? Rachel claimed she thoroughly enjoyed her first fuck…she screamed a thank you a few minutes afterward. I thought I had given her the worst sexual experience ever for her ass backwards reactions. After I asked, Rachel promised me we'd be friends for life, and maybe one day be a godmother to one of my kids.

Rachel and I never had sex again, but we're chronic huggers when together. Sometimes on movie night I'll hold her hand, or I let her sit in front of me, and I put my arms around her. Rachel is very close to Becca, the love of life, and I want her to know she's special to me, also. Often Becca makes it a threesome while we watch a movie, and sometimes Robin will be right there as well. I'll be surrounded by three hotties, and often can't concentrate on the movie. Often Becca and I have to excuse ourselves before the movie is over because we just can't hold off our frantic fucking. Becca is usually the hornier of the two of us, which is weird because most people assume guys are the horniest. I just obey orders… and love every minute of it.

Rachel has since dated a few guys, but has yet to find a keeper. She's still a bit shy, but definitely more outgoing. She is no longer teased about being a virgin, and wished she'd had her cherry popped at 14 instead of 17. I reminded her I was 11 when she was 14, and she punched me in the arm for that. I loved that! She's coming out of her shell, albeit slowly. I'm just glad she's enjoying life more by being outgoing. Again, friends for life… close friends for life, that is.

Rachel will find a deserving guy some day. Becca and I will enjoy watching Rachel fall in love. If the guy doesn't treat Rachel well, I'll just have to teach him a lesson… by asking Becca to beat the piss out of him. Becca is looking at what I'm typing, and just punched me in the arm… again. She's so fucking hot! Hang on, things are getting intense… time to close this paragraph! Ow… OW! Ow ow ow! Shit she's strong… and so fucking hot. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Dear Diary… daily life…

Months later my step dad caught Becca and me stretching on our yoga mats in her bedroom early on a Saturday morning after we had secretly slept together, but without having sex. I was in brief-style tights without a shirt, and Becca was wearing a small, thin bra, and sexy panties. I didn't have wood and she didn't have hard nipples, which for us was a minor miracle. He seemed OK with it. I again wondered about my mom and step dad being out of town on my fourteenth birthday, and leaving Becca and I all alone. Plus they left us be all alone at home after the wedding reception. Was that all just coincidence? More overthinking shit on my part.

After he left to go to work for a few hours, Becca and I fucked, and frantically, and we finally figured out how to do cowgirl on my first wood. That's her favorite because my dick gets really deep inside her. She cums really hard from cowgirl. Then I'll aggressively flip her on her back and pound her prone style (on her belly). That's my favorite because she's really tight that way. If I jam my dick in downward, Becca cums pretty hard because she says I'm hitting a great spot.

Becca says I can't pound her pussy hard enough, and to not back off worrying about her. But I worry… I worry I may wear out my dick, sort of like a wooden pencil. That is, it'll eventually wear down to a tiny worthless nib. I hope that doesn't happen to overworked dicks. I gotta read up on that just in case. Until then I'll stay away any dick-sized pencil sharpeners.

My biggest problem is finding a hiding place for the many dozens of condoms my grandpa buys for Becca and me. They're all different brands, styles, colors, flavors, and whatnot. I swear he spends hours shopping for condoms for his favorite grandchild… and for me, too. I tease him about Becca being his favorite, and I tell him that's OK. We just laugh.

Like I've said before, grandpa has such a great sense of humor, and tells such great stories, and he's smart, and sometimes drives a muscle car that's scary-shit fast. Grandpa has to beat away all the women who come onto him. I know he loved grandma dearly but I would hope maybe once in a while he'd find a keeper, if only for the night. That way maybe he'd use up some of the goddamn weird-ass condoms he buys for me and Becca. But to be honest we've found a few favorites in the bunch. Becca has an IUD.

She had issues with it at first, so we use condoms just to make sure, and also so I stay hard longer because I hope that'll make her happy.

Well I'm not sure what else to tell right now. Becca loves me and I love her but who knows how long we'll be fucking each other. I hope if we decide to date and marry others that we'll remain close siblings for life. Repeat… close. I'll always care deeply for her, and be caring and supportive should she need that.

I hope our sex doesn't mess up our friendship. I want her at least as a close friend for the rest of our lives. I'd prefer more, much more, from a future relationship with Becca. The thing is I don't want to come off as a complete self-centered dickhead… or even an incomplete one. After all, some secret government lab may be developing a deadly chemical agent that targets only self-centered dickheads, be they complete or not.

I… no… "we" hope you enjoyed this article (based on my diary) on a guy's first fuck at 14 with his older step sister, and some of the time beyond. I'm sorry that it's from a few years ago. I think it proves that an epic first fuck at 14 can be for either sex.

"Thanks for reading! By Shane MacVane II… and Becca, grandpa's favorite… ouch!… shit you're strong… God, that's such a turn on. What?… right now? Are you sure? Your dad's in the house for shit's sake's. OK, OK, just don't fucking moan, OK? The green ribbed one, are you sure? No, please, no numbing cream… please, I beg you, not the dick numbing cream! Oh shit. OH SHIT! Oh shit shit shit shit shit… this is going to be another afternoon of epic fucking."

Dear Diary… update a few years later… so many changes in our lives…

It's now several years later, and things have changed, as they do in life (yeah, I know, that's soooooo fucking deep, right?). First, Becca and I are engaged, and details on that follow a bit later. My mom and step dad are still happily married, and they still give Becca and me a lot of alone time by staying at hotels or traveling for work. They allow Becca and I to share a bedroom now that we're engaged. Becca received a two year tech degree from the community college, and went to work for her dad's company as a project-crew manager for their construction division.

My step dad is proud of how good Becca is at her job because she knows construction materials and techniques quite well, and can read blueprints and specifications with ease. Grandpa helped her with that. Best of all, Boss Becca will never back down when confronting any of the big, hairy, dumb-ass, narrow-minded, unibrowed Cro-Magnons who work under her. Smart, funny, and strong willed. What turn ons… Boss Becca is so hot!

I've filled in as a peon laborer on that crew, usually in Summertime, and surprised those macho caveman how hard I could work, and even more because of how much stamina I

had, all while they called me goofy names based on my dance and ballet major. They sometimes said my girlfriend “wears the pants in our family.” I replied, “damn right, wouldn’t you allow that so you could fuck someone like The Glorious Boss Becca?” I didn’t hear their replies because I had a faraway stare looking in the direction she had gone after giving us orders. I can’t stop watching her when she walks away from me. Her cute bubble butt is just glorious to look at. Shit, she’s even hot wearing work clothes.

Another time I told those Neanderthal cavemen, “oh fuck yeah I’m pussy whipped, and glad to be for such primo pussy!” They were disappointed that their teasing caused no effect on me. Like my grandpa taught me, it’s hard to tease someone when they agree with you. Then again I know they envy me for having a girlfriend (now fiancé) like Becca, but they can’t seem to admit it. I don’t deserve her! I just don’t!

I’m majoring in dance and ballet at a state college, and have performed for the first time. Yes, I had to use tape and things to keep my floppy dick in place. With my dick sticking straight up it’s embarrassingly tall. Maybe it is big, I don’t know. Becca likes it, which is all I care about. I’m definitely getting much more muscular as I get older… it’s about time. In addition to the females, some of the guys in my college dance classes stare at me, which is a new experience as in the past my male classmates ignored me.

Dear Diary… Becca’s has maternal doubts… why am I such an idiot?…

I realized I had excellent training compared to some of my classmates, and so we paid a visit my old dance and ballet instructors to tell them so. Becca and I had spent a beautiful day off together, and that was our last stop. It got weird, then worrisome, and finally awesome, so please read on. Again, don’t you dare read ahead.

When I visited my old dance and ballet studio I took Becca with me to introduce her to the instructors, and to any former classmates who might’ve been there. My favorite instructor told me she knew I had someone special in my life because I was obviously in love due to the dream state I was often in. Then the instructor started giggling. Becca had a questioning look on her face. Then I remembered my swollen balls episode, and how that instructor giggled about it then. I started laughing, and the others around us kinda thought us demented. I told Becca, “I’ll tell you later.”

When we got back in the car to leave, Becca told me she had to know what we were laughing at. I said, “remember the first time you gave me an expert ball massage and made me cum without touching my dick? Remember you saw me put ice on my swollen balls because I had a ballet class to go to, and I was embarrassed that my swollen balls would be so obvious. Remember how hard I got, and how you couldn’t leave my super-hard dick alone? Do you remember that? Making matters worse, when I got to class the only clean dance clothing I had were briefs, which made my balls look ginormous. During class I heard giggles about my balls, and some thought I had just

gotten over the mumps. That instructor was worried about me, and I had to admit to having 'an unusual sexual encounter' to ease her worries. Then she had to walk quickly away because she just started having a major giggle fit, and I teased her about giggling over my painful, swollen balls. I guess my former instructor and I will have that giggle fit episode as our special connection forever."

I then told Becca, "by the way, that instructor was the one who told me I was fatherly, which really meant a lot to me at the time. It still does. That's another reason I consider her my favorite."

Right then Becca got teary… really teary… really fast. She struggled to say, "did she really call you fatherly?" I told her, "well, yeah… why, what's wrong?" I didn't know what was going on with Becca, and was instantly worried… very worried. Becca just stared blankly out the windshield, and starting to cry harder. She said, "I've never really thought much about us being parents someday. Before I met you I never wanted to become a mother. I always thought that I shouldn't be a mom… ever. I was worried I would be a mom like my own shitty mom." She struggled with the end of that statement, breaking down. Oh shit, I know where this is going. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit shit shit… oh please not now. We were having such a wonderful, carefree day off together. OK, that's a shallow thing to say, shame on me.

Becca had been doing so much better in getting over the issues involving her mom. She was reconnecting, albeit slowly, with her dad. Once again her mom issues were making her sad, and now they were making her doubt herself as a future mother. FUCK! How did I not see this coming?! Why today? What do I do?

I thought back to the very first time Becca opened up to me about her mom. At that time she erupted in those severe gulp-sobs because she was so upset. Becca has always been the alpha in our relationship… I've never had a problem with that… hell, that's what attracted me to her. She has always been my glorious dominant alpha, and I've always been her geeky little bro who followed her around with a kiddy crush, like an obedient dog follows its master.

Right then I had to take charge, just as I did that special day several years ago when we first got to know each other when I was 13, and Becca was so upset about issues with her mom. She needed me now more than ever. Was I up to the task… without any preparation?

I aggressively pulled her in for a hard hug, and I got a bit loud saying to her, "you're not like your mother, and you'll never be like your mother, do you understand me, Becca?!" I smothered her… I wanted to hold her tight, and touch her on every inch of her body to ease her anxiety. She could only give me a feeble nod as she was shaking so hard and doing a little of the gulp-sob thing. I just held her firmly in my arms, stroked her hair,

and said nothing more… we said nothing more. I had never seen her cry so hard, or shake so hard while doing so. I couldn't hold her firmly enough. I held her so hard I worried I might break bones. Jesus Harold Fucking Christ I didn't know what else to do for those many minutes… minutes that went by like hours with me fretting over the love my life and her deep-rooted sadness. God, why now?!

A little later when she was calm I spoke to her again… with as much quiet-caring as I could muster, "Becca, the fact that you're worrying about becoming like your mom… that in itself proves you aren't like her. Plus, if you were at all like her, then I wouldn't love you so fucking much. That's from my heart… you know I can't lie to you… you know that. Your little bro loves you way too much to lie to you." I slowly, and quietly added, "you're not your mom… you're just not like her at all. I'll say that over and over until the end of time if you want. Just tell me what to do to make you feel better about us becoming parents one day… and I'll do it. Please… you are not your mom."

I worried I had sounded manic, trying to over-sell what I was telling her. I just kept holding her, stroking her, even after she stopped crying. We were silent as I held her tight.

SHIT! Once again, I didn't see ahead. I should've known she would doubt herself, and her ability to be a mother. I should've known that we needed to talk about the subject of parenting before this, about the details of us having children. This sadness today is all on me. I was puzzled… I didn't understand why on this particular day her maternal doubts, or maternal anxiety, or whatever you wish to call it… why those doubts would rear up right here, right now. I totally fucked up, and the love of my life was upset because she doubted her ability to be a good mother. What a shitty fiancé I am.

We ended our long hug, and neither of us said anything. I pulled her chin up and gave her a gentle kiss. I just stared into her eyes… we were both teary eyed. She asked me why I was crying. I told her that the future mother of my children was sad, and that made me sad. Her lower lip trembled, and she started crying hard again, but quickly caught it and stopped. She started to say something, but stopped short. I wasn't seeing something obvious… but what? Shit, I'm an idiot.

I knew that in order to give her confidence in her ability to be a good mother we needed to discuss the topic of having children, perhaps often. Right here, right now was the time to start. Again, the timing… was it because I told her how my instructor said I was fatherly? That seemed the trigger… but did it even matter what the actual trigger was?

To ease her worries I decided to be a little bit corny, saying, "so, what should I write in my diary? Maybe something like, 'on this date Becca and I first discussed our future family. We talked about number of children, and picking names'." She looked at me as if she was going to cry again, and once again quickly checked it. Becca merely said, "can

we just go home, make love, and then talk about those details later… please?" Why did she ask like that? I simply agreed. Another thing, Becca never said "make love" before. Why did she say that?

Dear Diary… Becca and I make incredible love… and a major milestone…

That afternoon was so much different from any previous love making, which is why I'm calling it that… we made love… incredible love. Becca wanted me to take charge, to keep being the alpha that day. We made love… slowly… caringly… passionately… like never before. Today we weren't the usual horny teenagers having frantic hard sex, then giggling, totally exhausted afterward. This day was so much different. Our love making lasted a long while. Her needs were everything. My needs were nothing. The house could've been on fire… I wouldn't have given a shit. She was the center of my universe. All I wanted to do was give her pleasure and make her happy. She deserved nothing less.

We just gazed into each other's eyes much of the time. She was so unlike the usual Becca having sex. She was relaxed, totally at ease, and at times let out long moans of pleasure. We relied on her IUD… our loving needed to be totally physical… condoms would've spoiled that. That was my decision, because today I needed to be the alpha… the dominant lover… the man in charge. Becca was my loving subservient beta. She said little, following my lead. I knew every inch of her body… every pleasure point… all that was burned into my brain about the person I cared so much for. I tried not to tease, and many times did the unexpected, driving her wild with pleasure. What a glorious afternoon… making glorious love… to a glorious woman.

Afterward I realized that the woman who loved me seemed more relaxed, and happier than she had ever been before. Shit, that's all that matters… her happiness, that's all that's ever mattered to me, or ever will. That's been the primary goal in my life ever since Becca and I first met when I was a geeky boy of 13. Even before we fell in love I remember wishing Becca could be happier, and also wishing I could help with that. I also remember that back then I was frustrated not knowing how to help her. I know I use that word "happy" too much, but I have to because it's the solution to helping Becca overcome her sadness.

Afterward we just lay next to other, still gazing into each other's eyes, me stroking her face… her hair. I had no other cares right then except those for the woman I love. Becca said, "well, what's your decision on children?" I thought to myself, "my decision? Why was it my decision?" I told her, "two, maybe three kids, and we'll work on names in the near future. We'll come up with a list, set it aside for a while, then later whittle it down. If you want we'll discuss those names with my mom and your dad. OK?" Becca said,

“yep.” She said nothing more. The master alpha has spoken, and his loving beta agreed without issue.

Then it hit me… this was another milestone day, but not like you may think. This day was not about us making decisions about kids. Today… this day… Becca’s deep sadness was finally coming to an end. Not all right away, but it was. How did I not see that? After receiving forgiveness from her dad, Becca’s “mom issue” was the only remaining problem to deal with.

So, at the root of that lingering mom issue was Becca’s worry she might end up much like her own mom when she became a mother. I didn’t foresee that possibility because I’m an idiot. Her maternal anxiety was the final piece to solving the “mom issue.”

NOW… Becca and I can truly move on with our love and our lives.

NOW… we’re truly ready to make new happy memories to over-right all the sad ones from Becca’s past.

NOW… we’re ready to get married.

NOW… we’re ready to become loving, caring parents.

NOW… today… this day… this was the day on which all that started. Another milestone day, just like my fourteenth birthday when Becca turned me into a man. Or the wedding weekend when we were outed as a loving couple. Or when we announced our engagement. What other major milestones lie ahead in our lives together? Marriage, graduation, job, house, children… those were the obvious ones.

Dear Diary… happiness finally starts to replaces sadness…

I still worried about Becca, so in the following weeks I watched over her when we were at home. She seemed to be getting happier with each passing day. At risk of sounding overly dramatic, a deep happiness slowly took over where a deep sadness had been before. I enjoyed watching that happen to the love of my life. I sometimes happy-cried thinking Becca’s deep sadness was finally leaving her… leaving us… leaving our little family just starting out. What a glorious time to be deeply in love with a glorious woman.

How could we not raise happy kids if they had a mom like her? Nurture trumps nature, that was my hope. Happy moms make for happy kids. Caring dads, too, I should add. Am I worthy to be a dad? I hope so. I was trained by the world’s best male role model, so I have that going for me. A happy, caring mom… and a caring dad… our kids should turn out OK.

Eventually there would be days where Becca would come up behind her dad, and just put her arms around him. While giving him a backwards hug, she’d say to him, “I love

you." Her dad didn't know what to make of it, but I think he enjoyed it, although he didn't reciprocate the way I wished he would. I thought to myself, "oh shit, that needs work."

After the first time I witnessed Becca back-hug her dad, I begged him… absolutely begged him… to hug her back. I told my step dad that I was cashing in on the promise he made to me years before when he said he'd help me to help Becca. I asked him to please… for the love of God… to start hugging his daughter back. The first time he did Becca just sobbed into his shoulder for a long time, often shaking she cried so hard. He hugged her for a long time to calm her down. FINALLY! It was the first of many such loving hugs. My step dad had trouble not crying the first few times. That was so overdue. He finally and truly forgave her for the hell she put him through during her dark period when she was self destructive. That breakthrough allowed us to check off the "fully reconnect with her dad" item. That took way, way too long.

Becca hugged my mom often as well. Becca and I… we couldn't keep our hands off of one another. When that happened we weren't horny teenagers. We were lovers who cared deeply for each other. I now know the difference. We had changed as a couple. We were now a caring alpha and his loving beta. We could sit next to each other silently… wordlessly. We knew the other's love was always there… right there… ready should we need it. We were like two long-married geezers for the profound familiarity we had with one another. Holy shit that's sad… and embarrassing. I don't care, we're soul mates, if you pardon the tired cliché. I don't deserve her! I just don't.

When my step aunt Robin and step cousin Rachel came over for our occasional Saturday group movie night, they asked me what was up with Becca. I didn't want to say much other than, "she's finally getting past her mom issues. Plus, her and her dad have managed to start hugging again."

Robin and Rachel liked the happier Becca. Later on Rachel and I were alone in the kitchen, and Rachel started happy-crying seeing the positive change in her cousin, the person who was like a sister to her. I quickly held Rachel in a firm hug, and said something like, "thanks for being there for Becca for so long. You're a great cousin." Robin joined in to share a long hug being happy about the positive change in Becca. I hope the four of us are always close.

I realized I wasn't the only one who was chronically worried about Becca. I had the support of everyone on "Team Make Becca Happy." Becca's dad was also a part of that support team… finally. My mom was always there for us, as was grandpa. I guess I was always team leader, from the day we met. I don't remember interviewing for that position. My only pay was seeing Becca become a happy person, though it took many trying years. I was now a rich man for all that happy pay. Sorry for going overboard on the weird metaphors. A huge happy pay bonus was about to be paid out.

Dear Diary… an epic Father's Day…

One Saturday afternoon I went into our bedroom, and I saw a big sign that read "Happy Father's Day!" on the desk. I assumed Becca made it for her dad for the next day, Sunday, which was Father's Day. There was also an envelope addressed to "World's Best Little Bro" with "Open Immediately" written underneath. Hmmm, déjà vu. I opened the envelope, and found a pregnancy stick, and it said "Pregnant." I fell to my knees and cried, hard, clutching the pregnancy stick to my chest… to my heart. My body was shaking I was crying so hard. I couldn't help but sob hard for all the intense emotions I had right then.

Just like several years ago on my fourteenth birthday when she made me a man, Becca snuck up behind me. She knelt alongside me, and held me. I'm such an idiot. The clues were all there, but I didn't see them. A big part of Becca's happiness was the physical start of motherhood. We had planned to wait until after we were married.

Becca whispered to me that she decided to have her IUD taken out sometime before that special afternoon of love making. No wonder on that day when we were in the car she had doubts about becoming a mom, and worried she'd become a mom much like her own highly-flawed mom. That was the real trigger explaining that day. She was planning on getting pregnant. Shit, how did I miss such obvious clues? My only excuse is being love blind, or whatever you wish to call it. Plus, I'm an idiot… did I mention that?

Anyway, that glorious afternoon of passionate love making produced a child during her fertile window. Holy shit, we were going to be parents. I just kept crying, I couldn't stop. I kept saying to her, "I love you," or, "I love you so much," over and over like a blathering idiot as she held me tight. Becca whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry I couldn't wait, I just couldn't. Are you angry with me, Shane?"

I pulled back and looked at her, saying, "are you kidding? Do you know how happy you've made me? We're gonna be parents… you… me… us… parents. How could I possibly be angry?" I was blathering. I couldn't help it. What a great day! What a great future wife! No wonder I'm love blind.

Then I stared at her dumbfounded, and asked, "why… did you call me Shane?" She said that it was the time to do so. Soon we were going to be married, and become parents. Becca said that she shouldn't keep using that cutesy "little bro" name for me. I told her, "I'm good with Shane. I'll get used to it. Please promise to use the old cutesy name every once in a while during our special times together, OK?" She said, "sure, little bro," and hugged me again. Holy shit nipples, I'm gonna be a dad.

We sat silently on the floor with our arms around each other, not saying anything. The closeness, the hugging, spoke for us. I finally decided to ask the big question… I was

scared shitless to do so. I got up the courage and asked Becca if she was happy… finally and truly happy… deeply happy. She looked at me, understanding my worry.

Becca apologized for putting me through her maternal anxiety, that is, her period of doubt about being a mom. I told her that I'm glad she got past that… we got past that. I told her that from the day I first met her, to the time I fell in love with her, and beyond, all I ever wanted to do was make her happy. It was my reason for being.

Becca apologized again for what she put me through… from the day we first met when my mom and I moved in. I told her I didn't care about any of that. I begged her, "Becca, please tell me if you're really and truly happy, please. And please be brutally honest with me. Please, I have to know." I tried to not tear up and failed… we both failed.

She had on her most loving, most caring look. Her answer gave me the proof that she was over her deep sadness, saying, "yes, I am, I truly am, and it's only because of you that I'm happy, Shane. You pulled me through. No one else could have done it. You've always been there for me… here for me. I fell in love with you… the boy who came into my life many years ago is now the man who made me happy… makes me happy. No one else did that. I don't deserve you, Shane. I just don't."

Dear Diary… Becca is finally happy… and the beta becomes the alpha…

Becca and I just held each other not saying anything for a long while. I should've had a million things on my mind right then, but it was blank because I was just enjoying her closeness, her warmth, her ultimate state… her happiness. The mother of my child was finally happy. If I had to pick a favorite day in my life to freeze forever, it'd be this one. It was a long, trying journey getting to this day, but it was worth it. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

I had to ask, "so, what should we do to celebrate?" She merely said, "you decide," and gave me a huge grin, then pressed her head against mine while holding me. I know that look… hold it… she told me to decide… I kept having to make decisions. Becca wanted me to keep being dominant moving forward. Apparently she was done being the alpha in our relationship.

We spent that afternoon once again making caring, passionate love. It kept getting better, deeper each time. This was going to be a Father's Day weekend to remember. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

From now on Becca wanted her future husband and the father of her child to take charge. That was another thing I needed to get used to. I'll be open minded, like my grandpa taught me. Yes, I'll be dominant in our relationship because whatever Becca wants is fine by me. I can be a manly man, sure, no problem. I do hope that maybe every once in a while she will take charge during sex, if only to keep things interesting.

I was raised by a divorced woman who had many struggles. My mom had to be emotionally strong through those years until she remarried. So I know I'm attracted to women of strong character because that's the type of woman who raised me. I fell in love with Becca because she was a strong-willed woman. She's also caring. And of course, she's smokin' hot.

Becca will always be a strong-willed woman, but from now on it'll be to a lesser degree in our relationship. I hope she'll still be the iron-fisted Boss Becca who can make the biggest, hairiest, most dumb-ass-est Neanderthal cavemen working under her shiver in their steel-toed work boots. I hope I get to see her in action often when she's Boss Becca. That has always been such a fucking turn on.

Check list time…

Smart?… check!

Funny?… check!

Strong willed?… check!

Caring?…check!

Reconnected with her dad?… check!

Happy?… double or even triple check (finally)!

A great mom to our future children?… quadruple check!

Check list is complete… prepare for take off on the long flight through marriage and parenthood! Sorry about the weird-ass metaphors again.

Dear Diary… Father's Day continues… will an icy heart thaw?…

The next day was Father's Day, so Becca gift wrapped that pregnancy stick, sat down next to her dad, and gave it to him with other random gifts. I wasn't sure how my step dad would react. He actually cried a bit. Holy shit, I didn't see that coming. I had hoped for him to be happy… to be happy for us. I was kinda worried he'd be pissed, but I think that era was now behind him. Maybe being a grandfather will finally thaw the last remnants of an icy heart. Holy shit that took a long while.

My mom? My mom already assumed Becca was expecting. Moms are like that in that they can sense such things in another female living with them. Even so, my mom gave me the hardest hug of my life, and she cried off and on that entire day, along with needing additional random hugs. Holy shit, my mom was out of her mind happy.

I think my mom had an overdue maternal need to become a grandmother. I'm not sure why my mom and step dad never had a child together. My mom was young enough to give Becca and me a half sibling. I never asked my mom, and never will. That's their

business, not mine. My mom can't wait to become a grandmother, and that's good enough for me… for us.

Becca and I went over to visit Robin and Rachel with the news. I had expected Rachel to be teary, but strong-willed single-mom Robin was more of an emotional mess. Again, I didn't see that coming. However, Robin has at times been a mother figure to Becca. Maybe that's it… Robin sees Becca as "her other daughter" given how close Becca is to Rachel. Becca and I want Robin to be "another grandma" to our kids, and "Aunt Rachel" will certainly have a role in our kids' lives. Robin and Rachel have earned those designations being long-time members of Team Make Becca Happy.

Becca and I discussed how to handle giving the pregnancy news to our estranged parents, i.e., her mom and my dad. My dad has a kid by an ex-girlfriend, and has never told me about my half sibling. I don't want to be like that. Becca and I decided to write out letters to both of our estranged parents letting them know what's happening in our lives, e.g., college, work, engagement, and pregnancy. We're going to include a good-sized photo of us. They can do whatever they wish with the photo.

We're not going to invite either of our estranged parents to our wedding. We'll just omit that discussion from the letter. Our parents can assume we'll be getting a civil marriage due to the pre-marriage pregnancy. We're not going to ignore our estranged parents, but we're not going to try to connect with them much, either. When our children are born we'll send out formal announcements with photos. We'll do that much. We don't need their negativity interfering with the happiness of our little family just starting out. And again, I hope I never meet Becca's real mom.

Keeping them updated… that's more than my dad ever did for me when he had another kid, and I'm still angry I don't know anything about my half sibling. I may be able to obtain contact information about my half brother or half sister. If I do find out info, I want to connect with them, but go through their mother first. My grandpa would've thought that's the right thing to do. I'll make the offer for a connection, and let their mom or them decide on having a relationship with me. There'd be nothing wrong with our kids having a young aunt or uncle in another state who maybe visits once in a while. Who knows… maybe my half-sibling's mom might want to be a pseudo step grandparent. We'll be open minded on the issue, as we've been taught.

Anyway, it's weird how some people are affected by pregnancy news. As proof of that, one of the Neanderthal cavemen who works with Becca cried right there on the job in front of his fellow Neanderthals. All the guys on her crew are protective of Becca. If ever our kids visit a job site the cavemen will be proud, protective uncles, or aunts, or whatever. They still tease me about various shit, but I absolutely do not mind it because I know I have their respect. I may lack the brute strength some of them have, but I can out-pace them on any day at any job site. That ability to work hard, and my caring for

Becca and making her happy, has earned me their respect. They have their priorities straight, I'll always respect them for that!

Dear Diary… am I ready for fatherhood?… oh fuck yeah!…

So, what about me? Am I ready for fatherhood? Oh, fuck yeah! I've done my share of babysitting… I can change a shitty diaper in record time. And in the middle of the night… I can get up for feedings… or post-nightmare hugs… or whatever. I've had the best supportive-father training any man can get. I also know how to be a lousy father, like my dad, so I just have to do the opposite of what he did to be a good dad.

Whatever way our kids turn out… I'll be caring.

Whatever way our kids turn out… I'll listen.

Whatever way our kids turn out… I'll be supportive.

Whatever way our kids turn out… I'll be open minded.

I can't be any other type of father for the excellent training I've received. And… and… maybe, just maybe, I have the caring gene. I hope I pass that along to my kids.

Again, our children will have a caring, strong-willed mom. I think my mom and step dad will give our kids the caring grandparents they'll need to help them on life's wonderful journey. Robin and Rachel will be helping along the way as well. Our kids will even have some cavemen who'll protect them from harm. Every kid deserves a caring family. Our kids will have one. Holy shit I'm gonna be a dad!

Dear Diary… random thoughts (the time periods are off on these from previous entries, sorry!)…

I got an offer to work at my old dance studio helping out with the new students on weekends, my first paying gig outside of swinging heavy tools while wearing a hard hat and work boots under Boss Becca. Becca asked me if I'll be able to work under my former instructor if we're always going to be giggling about the "great swollen balls caper."

I told Becca I did want to work for someone smart and funny because I'm attracted to women like that. "So you're still an ass kisser?" Becca said. I said back, "oh fuck yeah, and I'll prove that later tonight, or should I try it right now?" I then dove toward her, and pretended I wanted to rip off her pants to lick her ass. She screamed at me, "stop you moron you'll make me pee," laughing with her sexy-cute giggle the whole time. I'm still addicted to Becca's sexy-cute giggle. It confirms her ongoing happiness… and that's still my reason for being.

I probably should mention that during the previous Summer I took photos of Becca wearing a hard hat and safety vest, and holding a giant construction tool which barely

covered her pussy area. The tool's limited pussy coverage made it obvious she doesn't "go natural." I took dozens of photos, and one came out perfectly. As soon as we spotted it we realized it was the one to enlarge.

We had a blast doing that photo shoot at a work site after hours. I put a copy of that photo inside my locker door in the construction trailer. When Becca printed the copy she added below it, "Exclusively for my pussy whipped fiancé." OK, kinda corny, but it was done with love. I declined selling copies. I didn't get much "you're pussy whipped" teasing after that, only occasional kind teasing from coworkers, and to me that meant that, essentially, they were envious. I hope her dad never found out about that photo… or saw it. If he did see it… oh shit!

Getting back to my schooling, I'm also minoring in art in college, and in my spare time I've been perfecting my poster techniques to emulate my grandma. I'll never be as good as her, but I want to try. To be honest, deep down I don't wish to be anywhere near as good as grandma was. I want to always believe she was the best in the genre of sixties and seventies hippy-style poster art. That is, grandma holds the title of master artist in our family, and shall hold that esteemed title forever. Maybe my child or grandchild will someday eclipse her talent. If they do it's only because they have some of my grandma's DNA.

One of my art professors asked why I wanted to make a hippy art poster for my class project. I told him I did it to honor my grandma. He asked who she was, and I told him her maiden name. He asked me to follow him. We went to a locked room with many large flat file cabinets in it. He pulled up a database file on a PC, then walked to the back and opened a drawer. He put on white gloves, and pulled out some artwork, and set it on a big empty table. He pulled out a few of my grandmother's posters, two of which I had never seen before. They were mostly for campus events from long ago. I didn't know she had any connection to this state college, but I guess she made many advertising posters in her day.

My professor kept it simple, saying, "your grandmother was one of the best at advertising poster art from the late 1960's. She had a natural talent." I told him she never got a degree. He replied, "she probably didn't need one. Sure, it would've helped for her to develop her style, but still, her talent was natural. If you study her work in this genre, as some of us teaching here have, you'll see her style quickly improved over time. She probably learned from studying similar work of the era. Some of these posters are highly prized by collectors. I hope you're proud of her… and proud to be her grandson." About all I could manage to get out was, "I am."

I was dealing with strong emotions. I developed an admiration for that professor, especially after taking time out of his busy day to talk to me about my grandma, and show me her artwork stored in their archives. I've had many teachers, instructors and

professors over the years who'd spend extra time with me. That showed they cared. I want to be such a person some day, especially if I become an instructor of some sort.

Long story short, I aced that art class. My professor asked me to donate a copy of my class project artwork printed on acid-free paper to the school's archive. I hope it'll be filed in the same flat drawer as grandma's art. I even developed a signature for my art emulating my grandma's from long ago. When my professor saw my signature he had a huge smile, and complimented me on it, noting something about it being "the sincerest form of flattery."

Thanks, grandma, for sharing the artsy gene with me, and helping me develop a signature. I'll add that onto grandpa's muscle car someday soon, signing it where I pin striped it years ago. On the day of our first ride Becca told me I should have signed my pin striping work. That was when we had our special first ride in that car… on the day we fell madly, deeply, and oh so hopelessly in love. I have to follow her orders. I always do, and I always will. She's my everything… she's my all. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Dear Diary… engagement time…

When Becca and I decided to become engaged, we told my grandpa first because he's the one who helped the most to make us a couple. He admitted to the whole plan that he, my mom and step dad cooked up to turn Becca and I into a couple. He said that if our parents had set ground rules too soon it may've prevented us from falling for one another. That is, things had to happen as naturally as possible without outside influences. So, Becca and I being all alone on my fourteenth birthday… that wasn't an outside influence? Really? OK, fine, I'll stop overthinking shit.

We celebrated the engagement with a trip to our favorite restaurant with grandpa, and our parents. Grandpa drove Becca and I. I'm sure you know which car he used. Becca and I made out in the tiny back seat such that we paid little attention to the "scary shit" gauge. We couldn't keep our hands off one another. My mom giggled a bit when she noticed some small hickeys on Becca. Becca's dad tried hard to ignore them. Becca wore them as a badge of honor.

We had the waiter take a photo of the five of us at the table celebrating the engagement. Becca told him to take it again saying that her eyes were closed. We planned that, and so Becca and I quickly locked in a deep kiss at the instant the photo was taken. Becca's dad didn't see that one coming. After we became engaged we were allowed to share a bedroom. No more sneaking around. It kinda took the fun out of our "sneaky sex," but we made up for that in other ways.

That post-engagement-dinner night was the first time Becca and I were allowed to share a bedroom and bed. It was almost like our first time having sex again. We fucked every couple of hours, like we were on a time clock. We did that right up until morning.

My step dad went out to his truck for earplugs, per my mom. That cracked us up. Poor guy!

By then I knew my fiancé's every pleasure point, and took advantage of that knowledge, driving her wild. I teased her, and then teased her some more. I could keep her on the brink of cumming, and then shift into overdrive driving her wild with pleasure. We kept fucking until it started getting light out the next morning. We thought that night would be epic, but it went way beyond our best hopes. What a glorious weekend. I hope I don't have to mention the high "hickey count."

We were exhausted the next day. I finally got the hang of leaving fewer telltale hickeys… well… maybe not necessarily fewer, just less obvious. Like I said, I know where her pleasure points were. I don't think Becca and I will ever find sex boring with each other. On the day Becca turns 100 I hope to make her moan with pleasure, and with luck it'll seem like our first time again. I wonder how many women of 100 have hickeys?

We had a similar dinner as a group of seven the following week adding my step aunt Robin and step cousin Rachel. I brought up the idea that we should have a regular dinner as a group of seven, or more should Robin, Rachel or grandpa bring a guest. My step dad and grandpa fought over which of them would have the honor to pay each time. We've made many great memories, and I wished we had thought to start those restaurant dinners sooner, and I have a reason for that. Once again, I didn't see something coming. More on that shortly.

Becca and I obviously need to set a close wedding date, and we're working on a guest list. We don't want a big reception, and can't have one even given the long lead time to book a large venue. We do want the reception big enough to ensure a lot of wonderful memories are made. My step dad and grandpa have promised to split the costs. I haven't heard my real dad make an offer to also help pay for things. I'm not sure we'll invite him, and if we do, if he'd even show up.

Dear Diary… a sad milestone…

I now get to the subject with which I've had such a hard time, and which I didn't see coming. We lost grandpa not long after we announced our engagement. I was the one who found him. He merely died in his sleep one night, so he never suffered. For that I'm truly thankful.

Me? I was nearly in a state of shock. Shit, I was practically catatonic. I would just lay on our bed in a daze, or I'd sit there with my knees pressed against my chest. I cried on and off for what seemed like hours. Becca would be next to me trying to calm me down, and not having much luck. My mom tried her best to calm me down.

Becca and my mom were also sad about his death, yet I couldn't be supportive. I feel guilty about what I put them through. It couldn't come at a worse time… our little family was just starting out, and then we lost him. Why? Why the fuck did it have to happen right then?

Without my real dad in my life, grandpa was my only male role model for most of my life, and he was my absolute best friend. Life and death aren't fair. I… no… we needed him in our lives… for just a few more years. Fuck it all to hell… life ain't fair!

Mom got some sedatives from my doctor to calm me down. It's all I can do to write this through the tears in my eyes because the pain of his death hasn't diminished. I was named after him for shit's sake.

It's as if my parents knew ahead of time the major role grandpa would play in my life…

in my growing up…

in my finding myself…

in my falling in love…

in my getting engaged.

So my parents decided to name me Shane after him… skipping a generation.

I always liked having the name Shane, and it was extra special because grandpa and I shared it. I believe Becca and I have to consider naming a son Shane out of love for grandpa, and to pay homage to how he made us into a couple. I'm not sure it'll be Shane III though. Maybe we'll go with the middle name so we avoid the whole dad and son named alike confusion, or having someone calling the kid "Shaney" for shit's sake. We're still trying to figure out what to do. Hmmm. I suppose it could be worse… all of a sudden "Shanette" is jumping into my brain. More of me overthinking simple shit!

My self-centered shit head of a real dad never called me after grandpa's death. Grandpa was his father for shit's sake. I never did visit my dad. I was never invited, by him that is. As the years roll by we ignore each other all the more. Apparently the caring gene skipped a generation over my dad, so only grandpa and I got it. Well, I hope I have it. If I don't have it I want to fake having it as best I can.

What a total dickhead my dad is. I heard he had a kid with one of his former girlfriends (yes, plural), and he never told me about it. I might have a half brother or sister somewhere in another state. Neither of us knows the other. Maybe DNA testing will provide info on my half sibling some day. My total dickhead of a real father doesn't seem to want to do right by my half sibling and me.

Whenever I've had contact with my real dad I've asked Becca to just please bite her tongue or play ditsy. I begged her, "please don't let him get to you." I tried to warn her…

and failed. Becca and my dad had a confrontation on the phone. I got a major woody listening to her being protective of me… I got that before she even hung up. We couldn't rip off our clothes fast enough for the intense fucking that ensued. I'm obviously attracted to aggressive women.

Becca has always been protective of me. I don't give a shit if that's not manly, I really don't. She's always been that way, and always will be. When we have kids someday, nobody had better fuck with them or they'll have to deal with Becca because "when you fuck with the bull watch out for the horns." Yet, Becca is incredibly caring… she just doesn't put up with much bullshit. Just ask my asshole of a real dad.

I hate to obsess over my dickhead dad but he also refused to help me pay for college. He promised he would, and reneged. I didn't ask for much because I attended a state college. Grandpa was OK with paying my tuition and expenses, helping me buy a used car, and so much more. It's just the principle of it… a father should help his son pay for college, not expect a grandparent to do it all.

My step dad did offer to help me with the cost of college, to be honest, and I appreciated that. He let me live in his house without paying room and board, so I made sure he knew that was always appreciated. My step dad is very supportive that way, and always has been. I hope becoming a grandparent thaws his heart out, at least a little. Our children deserve at least one loving grandfather. Obviously, my dickhead dad won't be one.

Dear Diary… after grandpa's death…

Anyway… getting back to grandpa's death… I was a mess at the wake and funeral. I had a tough time meeting his many friends and former coworkers, as well as his many cousins, and so forth. They all wanted to meet me because he spoke of me often. None of those people seemed to want to meet my dad (did I mention my real dad is a complete dickhead?). I let grandpa down by being so upset after his sudden death. After the wake and funeral, my upper arm literally hurt because Becca was by my side the whole time holding my arm being supportive, sometimes squeezing hard when she thought I was about to break down. She's got her caring techniques down to a science. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

We buried grandpa next to grandma, and I wondered why grandpa never took me to that cemetery. I assume he had a hard time being there, and just wanted to be alone with grandma's memory when he visited her grave. I have an idea for replacing their grave marker because the one that's there is so plain, and was apparently bought quickly after grandma died suddenly. I want to design something that reflects their personalities, and something to start a discussion about them when I visit the cemetery

with my children and grandchildren in the future. I'll create the artwork using the old editing software Becca bought for me for my fourteenth birthday.

I wanted grandpa…

to be my best man…

to dance with my beautiful bride at our wedding…

to be there when our first child was born, and the next…

to be a great grandpa… and…

to be a caring role model for our children.

Now that'll never happen. Grandpa left me grandma's favorite things, especially her artwork, and he also left me his muscle car. Oh, and he left me a big trust fund. Like big big. Like Godzilla big.

Becca said she'd drive the muscle car for us whenever we want to go somewhere in it. I can't look at it, much less get in it right now. Grandpa and I worked on it together. I cleaned and painted many of the parts, and did the pin striping, all under his guidance. Maybe in a few weeks I'll be able to ride in the car, or drive it, to remember him. But not today.

My goal is to be able to drive grandpa's car to our wedding so that a part of him is with Becca and I on our important day. That car helped us become a couple. I hope we can keep it in our family forever. Maybe it can even help our children find the loves of their lives when the time is right. Our children can drive it to their proms, and so forth.

My dad inherited much of grandpa's estate, but the trust fund that grandpa had set up for me is so I can buy or build a house someday, and much more. I considered asking my dad to allow me to buy grandpa's house, but I wasn't sure if I could handle living there, emotionally. I followed my gut and allowed it to be sold. Becca was supportive, saying that her gut agreed with my gut.

A nice family bought grandpa's house, and they love it. They asked Becca and I to visit, and we struggled while we were inside. The couple sensed our sadness being there. We explained that there were many happy memories made there. The most wonderful memories we have are of when grandpa had a hand in Becca and I falling in love. I found the original house plans from when my grandparents had the house built because he designed it. I left copies for that family, and they were appreciative. I… no… we struggle to drive by that house to be honest.

Becca had a strong connection to grandpa. He helped her earn her college degree, and afterward learn her job. That was his just style. I want that to be my style. Moving forward I have to replace grandpa in our little growing family. I need to be the strong

male role model, the caring dad, then the caring granddad. Someday I'll have to bury the needle on the "scary shit" gauge when driving grandpa's car.

Dear Diary… am I worthy to be grandpa's replacement?…

Grandpa's gone, and I'm his replacement. I may not be worthy, but I am going to try my best. I owe it to grandpa's memory. I didn't deserve him! I just didn't!

One of the things grandpa used to do was draw up basic house plans. He did it as a hobby, and as a favor for family, friends, and coworkers after asking them their needs. We found the drawings when we cleaned out his home office. I spotted one house plan I really liked, and sent some photos of it to Becca. She loves it, and said it was a practical design. The open plan has a central area for family organization and relaxation. That is, it's as if the home has a central "heart." My caring, big-hearted grandpa designed our next home, and it's got a central "heart." You can't make up shit that good.

I'll make sure we have photos displayed of my grandparents in that house's "heart" to symbolize their caring hearts. Of course at least one framed sixties era poster created by my grandma will need to be there. The photos from our engagement celebration dinners need to be on display. A photo of Becca and I standing in front of grandpa's muscle car will be included. Grandpa took that the day Becca and I fell in love. I never realized how we were standing so incredibly close in that photo. I guess that's another clue I missed being an idiot who didn't know he had just fallen madly in love with a girl he never thought he'd have a chance for a relationship with.

The glorious young Becca fell for a geeky boy because…

he was caring…

he needed her caring…

he acted like a gentleman…

he wasn't a shallow loser… and…

he wanted to take away her sadness and make her happy.

Maybe there's a lesson there for a lot of guys. I'm going to "marry up." Way up! Some guys should think about that.

Becca told me that because that muscle car had a big part in us falling in love that day then our family should be conceived in that car. I thought about the tiny little back seat, and then shouted, "shotgun!" I got a punch in the arm for that. Holy shit, she's getting strong. What a turn-on! Smart, funny, and also able to kick my ass as Boss Becca, the iron-fisted crew chief who can make the biggest, most dumb-fuck-est Neanderthals cower. I don't deserve her! I just don't!

The house plan we like is the perfect design for a family home. We plan to build it, and soon. We'll have to have the plan formalized with proper blueprints. We also want to have it published, naming the overall design after my grandma, and crediting grandpa as the designer. We might even publish all of the plans in a book, or just post them online for free. We want to give each plan a special name. Grandpa's engineering career work will live on of course, as will his hobby-based house designs. So will his kind and caring ways… I'll personally make sure of that.

Becca and I have plans to honor both my grandparents when we name our children, and we also want to include the names of our parents in the mix of first and middle names. I hope to one day tell our children about my grandpa, and also about the grandma I never got to know, but whom I take after.

We'll see who our children take after as they get older. Will they be left-brain dominant and logical like grandpa and Becca? Or will they be right-brained and artsy like grandma and me? However they turn out we'll be supportive and help them on their journey in life, just like grandpa did for me… and for Becca, too, his favorite grandchild.

Whenever I say to Becca that she was my grandpa's favorite, I wind up with an upper-arm punch, and a hard one at that, or she grabs my balls and squeezes them telling me to take it back. I do take it back, and then we make love. Thanks, grandpa, you told me to follow my gut… Becca's a keeper, just like grandma was to you!

Dear Diary… reasons for compiling this diary-based love story…

I'm sorry this story is so long, and a few years old, but I finally put it all into words as part of the requirements for a state-college general studies course in modern literature (as in R rated fiction). I told the professor it was pure fiction. She just looked at me funny when she handed it back to me in her office. It earned a high grade, with points taken off for grammar issues, and too much free rein with some facts for the sake of titillation (oops). She said she read it with her husband, and they enjoyed it immensely… giving me a big grin. Becca gives me that same grin.

My professor said that her dad had always mentioned "The Summer of '42" movie, and that back in his day that movie name was code to indicate a first fuck experience for a teenager, especially a guy. Her dad told her there was a saying in the seventies that, "every man has a Summer of '42." That is, every man goes through the natural rite of passage of their first time having sex as a teenager, and, ideally, it's with someone who is caring and experienced.

My professor also told me that she had heard of first fuck at 14 as a rite of passage for American teens, regardless of gender or orientation, but found nothing online about it because the term is blocked by search engines and social media websites.

That professor then started kinda ranting saying, as best I can remember, “I don’t understand the closed minded hillbilly censorship in this era we live in. We know teenagers are having sex, yet we as a society ignore it completely, pretending very hard that teen sex doesn’t even happen. Are we that close minded and completely moronic as a society? We hear people, especially celebrities, urging anyone dealing with extreme sadness or any mental health issues to have the courage to seek professional help, and that they won’t be judged.”

She ranted on, “Yet we stifle the natural sexual urges of teens, and judge those teens who do have sex as perverted or immoral. Those sexual urges are hardwired into our genes or, if you wish, bestowed upon us by God herself. Society won’t even allow us to teach our children real, actual sexual education but only the sterile, technical basics which often omit important information, and so leave them even more confused about their urges. At risk of repeating, are we that close minded and completely moronic as a society?” Well said, professor! Well said.

Dear Diary… my late grandpa… my best friend & amazing male role model…

At risk of droning on and on about my late grandpa… I realize, in moving forward in my future life as a man, instructor, husband, father, male role model, grandfather, and more, that I must rely on the guidance and training my treasured grandpa provided. I started asking myself, “what would grandpa say?… or what would grandpa do?”

Every man has times in his life when he is just unsure of himself, or is unsure of what to say or do in a given situation. I find it helps to ask myself, “what would grandpa say or do?” Maybe I don’t always make the right choice, but it would be the choice which I considered the best based on the guidance I had from my wise and caring male role model growing up. He told me to follow my gut, such as what to do about my feelings for Becca, and for helping her when she herself needed the same caring she showed me.

When a boy doesn’t have his real father in his life, and perhaps doesn’t connect with his step father, then he needs some other male to guide him in his early years. I believe that boys need a caring male role model more than girls need a caring female role model. I’m not completely sure of that; it’s just my theory. That’s me following my gut.

I hope I can be a positive, caring male role model for my children, students, grandchildren, and so forth. How will I do that?

I will try to listen well.

I will try to be caring.

I will, especially, try to be open minded.

I will try to guide young people to be caring as well, and do right by others.

I will try to be the man my grandpa trained me to be.

I will honor him in that way.

Thanks, grandpa! I didn't deserve you! I just didn't.

Thanks for reading!

Shane MacVane II

Modern Fiction Class Project

Dear Diary Post Script… random entries about my family and other subjects (again, the timing is off from previous entries)…

Dear Diary… my step aunt Robin…

My step aunt Robin told me that she enjoyed masturbating with guys when she was young. I later asked he if that included any guy I happened to know. She just grinned. I asked her if that was as far as things went. She laughed. I told her, "I knew it! I totally knew it! You fucked your brother, you totally fucked your brother, my step dad… good for you!"

Before we were engaged, Becca sometimes let me take care of Robin's pussy needs after our occasional Saturday movie night with Robin and Rachel. Becca knows she always (always!) has first dibs on my dick the rest of the time. What a great step aunt and step sister. Well, I'll add step cousin to that list because I'll bet Rachel would fuck me if I didn't already have other pussies to keep me happy. Rachel is like that. Friends for life, and future godmother to one of my children. And… again… a willing fuck if I needed some puss. Hmmm, is there such a thing as too much pussy?

Anyway, my step aunt Robin is such an amazing fuck. She taught me so much, and has also filled me in on how much her and her brother (my step dad) fucked when they were teens. If I ever need to blackmail my step dad I have all that information stored away in my brain. Robin refuses to tell me if her, her brother, and my mom ever had a three-way. The fact that she refuses to tell me is a probable indication that it did happen. My mom was always liberal. I can't imagine my semi-dour step dad in a three way for some reason. Why Robin is outgoing, and her brother (my step dad) is kinda dour I don't understand.

Robin said that because she and her brother (my step dad) fucked as horny teenagers that's why my step dad wasn't more protective of Becca with me in the house. Robin said that if Becca had a safe outlet for her horniness right nearby she'd not want to go

out partying with losers. Robin said that Becca “was a handful” and “put my step dad through hell” just before my mom married Becca’s dad. That’s the time I call Becca’s dark era.

The thought was back then… with Rachel’s brother marrying my mom it would help keep Becca safe with two things. First, she’d have a stable step mother figure in her life. Second, she’d have a caring, albeit geeky, step brother in the house to provide an outlet for Becca’s sexual needs, instead of some random horny loser she had met at a drug party. I asked Robin questions to confirm my theories, and I now know the story. Grandpa also filled me in a bit.

Holy shit… I can’t believe that my mom and step dad had always expected Becca and I to have step sex! So weird. So, now when I think about my step dad not liking the fact that I took ballet, it’s because he wanted me to be MORE manly so I’d safely satisfy his daughter’s sexual needs close to home. It was a lot to consider, and confusing. I’m just an old horse sold for stud, and it was my floppy dick they were depending on all this time.

Maybe leaving hickeys on his daughter was merely my step dad’s pet peeve. Just a theory. That is, at risk of once more overthinking shit, my step dad was apparently OK with me fucking his daughter, but he didn’t want to know details, or be reminded of it with visual clues (e.g., copious hickeys, the worst of which were hidden). Again, it’s just a theory.

But why didn’t my step dad and mom establish step-sex ground rules? Then I realized if they did establish rules for step sex it’d tip Becca and I off to their plan, and that may’ve prevented us from hooking up. That is, if parents try to get their kids to do something, the kids will purposely not do it, even if they wanted to. That’s just the way kids are. So, our parents couldn’t set ground rules before our first fuck on my fourteenth birthday, or before our epic fucking after the wedding we all attended. They expected us to have sex, but didn’t want us to make it obvious… like with Becca’s 59½ hickeys. They also didn’t want things to be so obvious about our sex by us falling asleep together on the couch… in our underwear… while holding each other. It seemed overly complicated, and weird.

The Glorious Becca is laughing at what I just wrote as she’s next to “her little bro” while I type this. I think I need to save what’s here for now, and make her happy… again. It’s a tough and perilous job, and I’m pleased to volunteer for this suicidal assignment. And for that I got yet another upper-arm punch. And after I typed that I got another. Each time I type I get another punch. “Ow!… what the shit, Becca?” Like I told my mom that milestone wedding weekend, I love her “so bad it hurts.” I didn’t mean for that to be literal with many, many upper-arm punches for shit’s sake! I don’t deserve her! I just don’t! “What the shit, Becca?! OW! OW! OW!!! Just for that I’m licking your asshole, and hard, and I don’t give ‘proverbial shit one’ if it makes you pee!”

Dear Diary… my paternal grandparents…

My grandpa said he had co-ed dormitory bathrooms in college. He said that he and his dorm mates were busy getting ready for classes in the morning, so they didn't have time to hit on each other. Grandpa said the girls in his co-ed dorm were like his sisters. He said the bathrooms weren't designed to be co-ed either, and no one cared, saying that there wasn't much you couldn't see. The girls were quite liberal back then, apparently.

Grandpa also said that the common area of those co-ed bathrooms had a rule of "underwear minimum." Some of the girls thought that meant panties. I asked him, "you don't mean just panties, do you?" He gave me a huge smile. Wow, what a great era to be a teenaged guy… exposed titties as far as the eye could see.

Grandpa said that there were panels between the stalls in the co-ed bathrooms, but they were all too low to ensure privacy. He said he was usually the first one in the co-ed bathroom on weekdays as he always had early classes, so there were empty showers when he got there. Within a few minutes a line formed waiting for the showers. Some of the girls wouldn't wait, so they'd just strip down and tell grandpa, "move over we're sharing." My eyes went big. Wow, I so want to go away to college, and live in a co-ed dorm with co-ed bathrooms with co-ed showers.

That's how grandpa met my grandma, because she wasn't bashful, and wasn't about to wait for a shower to free up. I looked at grandpa, and said, "holy shit, grandpa, I have to ask: did you get wood?" He smiled, and looked at me with those eyes of experience and caring that I enjoyed having look at me, and he said, "think about it, Shane, it would be rude of me to not get an erection, right?" We both laughed loudly. I never thought of that. Grandpa has the caring gene, so he thought to make grandma feel good about herself by "wordlessly" telling her she was hot. Score one for my grandpa's caring gene. I have my grandpa's name with a "II" so I hope I have the caring gene, too.

Right then and there grandpa asked that girl out on a date that Friday. He was honest with her by telling her his roommate would be gone for the weekend. So, after their date grandma was his roommate for the weekend. "We'd only come out of my room for food, water, bathroom visits, and so forth," he told me, adding, "we spent the weekend fucking each other silly."

Grandpa has never treated me like a child, such as by censoring or dumbing-down what he tells me. I find it frustrating that many adults treat teenagers like children by censoring what they say, as if teenagers are too dumb to hear how the real world works, or to know what actually happens in the real world. Grandpa has always been practical that way. Plus, it shows he cares enough about me to treat me with respect. That's all teenagers want is to be treated with respect by adults, yet so many adults can't manage

to perform such a simple thing. My mom always told grandpa to treat me properly, and she knows he is open about so-called sensitive subjects like sex.

Sometimes my mom acts more like my grandpa than grandpa's son, my dad, does. I don't mention often enough how much I appreciate my mom, or how I respect that she struggled to raise me after she and my dad split up. She felt guilty when she couldn't afford dance school for me before she remarried. I fully understood the situation, and I did because mom has always treated me with respect by not censoring what she tells me, or dumbing it down. I see so much of my mom in Becca, so my deep attraction toward Becca is all the more obvious. Yeah, it's some sort of Freudian shit… or it that Floydian? I'll ask Barney Fife, he'll know which.

Anyway, back to grandpa's story… he said it was a different era, and if you didn't live during that era you might not get it. He said that later on in the eighties AIDS spread to heterosexuals, and then things became more calm with respect to frequent sex with many partners for young, unattached straight folks. Grandpa said it took quite a while for the AIDS panic to wear off, and for people to become more sexually active once again, especially with multiple partners.

Grandma was an art major, and she didn't want to date guys while away at college, but after that epic weekend my grandparents were a couple forever. Grandpa said grandma's parents worried she would start dating an art major, and they weren't too fond of those guys. However, a boyfriend who was an engineering science major pleased them immensely. Score one for grandpa… score one for Team Nerd!

Grandpa said he was close to her parents until the day they died because they were so fond of him, and he cared for them as well. I don't know anything at all about that set of great grandparents but they sound like nice people. I asked grandpa to tell me about them in detail someday. He agreed.

I could see that asking about my great grandparents pleased him, probably because he could tell me stories about the in-laws he was once close to. I'm sure when grandma gave birth to my dad her parents were excited, and likely doted on my dad what with him being their only grandchild. No wonder my dad is a spoiled brat. Grandpa doesn't discuss my dad much because he's disappointed by how poorly his son treats his own family, and because my dad doesn't have a proper relationship with me, nor has my dad even tried to. I think grandpa is trying to make up for my dad being such a dick. Yep, I'm guessing my dad doesn't have the caring gene. Or if he does, he has switched it off somehow.

Anyway, grandpa said that he and the other guys in his dorm were kind of protective of the girls in the dorm, such as by offering to walk them somewhere at night. He would often help them with simple car repairs, or with putting up shelving or whatever they

needed in their rooms. They'd all go to the cafeteria together and sit at one big table. He and his dorm mates were like a family I guess. He told me I should treat the girls in my dance and ballet classes that way, too, as it was the gentlemanly thing to do, that is, to be protective of them, and act like a caring brother.

Dear Diary… Becca's dad (my step dad)…

Knowing my step dad, I doubt that he'd want to be the one to give his niece, Rachel, her important first fuck at 14… even when she was nearly 17. I asked Robin about it, and she confirmed that there was no way her brother would fuck his niece, regardless of her age. There was a reason for it. My step dad nearly got arrested or something for undressing Becca and putting her into bed when she came home drunk and stoned. Becca was so out of it she thought the guy undressing her was a boyfriend, and that her boyfriend had started to initiate sex. Someone came into the room right then, and didn't think Becca's dad was only trying to put her to bed. Those are the only details Robin knew, and those are part of the basis for why I told my step dad he needed a long talk with his daughter.

After that episode Becca told me her dad was cold to her, especially at times when she needed his support or a simple hug. Becca was never allowed to sleep next to him, like one time they had to share a room and a bed at a hunting cabin. She said she just planned to merely sleep next to him, and nothing else. He slept on the floor. Becca did say she had off and on daddy crushes when younger. I wondered if that witness spoke to Becca's mom, and I also wondered was Becca's mom just tried to make trouble for her ex, as in leverage for getting more alimony.

I hope I never meet Becca's real mom. I wonder why Becca's mom didn't get custody of Becca. That was a part of Becca's sadness equation on which I never found out much. I do know Becca's mom has mental health issues, and often goes off her meds to drink and do drugs. That's just the start of the many issues with Becca's mom. Again, I don't want to meet her, and we'll not invite her to our wedding, I assume. I hope Becca won't have guilt about that decision.

Dear Diary… my mom…

I'd often got wood when my mom and I were naked together in the bathroom or in our shared bedroom before she remarried. She couldn't afford a 2 bedroom apartment. Mom was somewhat stingy with hand jobs. Well, sometimes. Birthdays were a special occasion, or getting good marks in school meant a possible quick handie as my reward. Sometimes she was just a happy person, and then the handies she performed were plentiful. It just seems natural for a mom to perform hand jobs to calm down a son's painful wood. It has probably been done by caring moms since we lived in caves.

Thinking about my mom, later on in life any guy will fondly remember the hand jobs he received from his mom while growing up. It's just natural for a mom to allow her

maternal instincts to reach the proper state of caring for her son's needy dick. It was just practical for my mom to give me quick hand jobs. Her ball massaging skills were amazing, perhaps the stuff of legend. If she really wanted to tease my cock she'd not touch it but force me to cum from aggressive ball massaging. My balls would be swollen for the next day or two but I didn't mind a bit.

I'll always wonder if my mom was the one who told Becca to try the same ball massaging technique leading up to "the great swollen balls caper." Becca is laughing at what I just typed again, and isn't taking no for an answer. I'm signing of for now to make Becca happy. It's a tough and dangerous job, but someone has to do it. And I just got a hard punch in the upper arm for typing that! She's so hot! OK, that did the trick… no, please no, not the numbing cream tonight… shit this is going to be a long night of hard fucking!

OK, I'm back… I've always been disappointed I never got to fuck my mom. I wanted to after we would masturbate together, but I never did anything other than massage and suck her tits occasionally while she rammed a dildo inside herself. We had to share a tiny apartment, bedroom and bathroom, so she always knew when I had long-lasting wood. Seeing my mom naked daily didn't help my wood issue, and I had no choice but to masturbate in front of her given I had no privacy. I assumed she enjoyed watching me fap. Mom still has a nice body. I envy my step dad when they do their hotel thing.

Again, I did always want to fuck mom, and if she hadn't remarried that probably would've happened… I hope it would've happened. That is, in general, once a son turns 14, I assume any mom would allow a son to safely satisfy his dick's needs with his mom's, or step mom's needy pussy. There's also the all-important basic "fuck training" every teen boy needs, and a mom or step-mom might be the best one to handle that all-important task.

When I was maybe 15 I got the nerve to ask my mom about my fourteenth birthday, and who would've taken care of my important first fuck at 14 rite of passage if I didn't have a step sis. She hugged me from the side, grabbed my balls, and whispered into my ear, "who do you think would've popped your cherry?" I had to ask, "so, now that I'm 15 and all, uhhhh… what do you say?" Mom replied, "your step dad is liberal, but not that liberal."

I told mom I knew full well just how liberal he is, or at least was when he was a teenager fucking his sister. She just smiled at me, and discreetly changed from the Robin incest issue, and mom quietly told me, "I think you have plenty of pussy available to satisfy your cock, so don't be greedy." Then she let go of my balls. I still felt a bit in the dark about how I had been set up like an old horse sold for stud. Wow, mom still knows how to handle my balls. Muscle memory, is that what they call it? Ball massaging… mom's was the stuff of legend!

Dear Diary… taking dance and ballet classes…

I get teased in the school locker-room about being fully shaved. I say I don't mind being shaved for ballet because I'll do it so I can be surrounded by cute girls wearing almost nothing. Then it always happens… I'll get asked, "did someone say surrounded by cute girls wearing almost nothing? Where do I sign up?"

After I go into all the other details about ballet any interest usually dies. It's amazing how many macho guys are too bashful to wear tights. Maybe they're too embarrassed their guy parts may not be as incredible as they hope they are if they're put on display while wearing tights, or while naked in a co-ed changing room or co-ed shower.

That high school locker room teasing about me being fully shaving shows that most guys don't understand that personal grooming is what most girls want in guys. If you want a girl to take a special interest in you, you need to prove you care enough for her to do things that'll earn you locker room teasing, such as shaving your body. Guys who complain about having difficulty dating a girl more than a couple-few times might want to look in the mirror to see the obvious problem. A guy needs to prove to a girl that he's worthy of her attention. Girls can spot shallow guys from afar it seems. Good for them.

Dear Diary… my step-cousin Rachel… the girl I turned into a woman when I was 14, and she was almost-17 and very shy…

Rachel is a wonderful person, and any guy would be lucky to have Rachel as a girlfriend or wife. I hope that we can remain friends for the rest of our lives. I've always felt lucky to have such a wonderful step cousin, just as I've felt lucky to have a step sister like Becca. I lucked out the day my mom remarried. Thanks, mom!

Sometimes Robin, Rachel, Becca and I will have a in-house movie night when my folks are away for the weekend. That's code for my mom and step dad fucking in a nearby hotel to leave Becca and I alone to… well, it's assumed but not uttered aloud… also fuck. On those nights Rachel will give me a wonderful hug followed by a deep, loving kiss, and get my wood kick started. Then she walks away. Robin and Becca always laugh at that. Rachel's practicing being a cock tease, good for her. She's taking after her mom there.

Dear Diary… First Fuck at 14… final rant with rhetorical questions…

Fourteen seems to be the universal age for allowing a boy or girl in America to say what happens to their body, regardless of any outdated social conventions, or laws long overdue for updating. Instead, society chooses to ignore the issue of ensuring a safe and caring first sexual encounter for teenagers. In the meantime we have teens who have overwhelming sexual urges, and they have no safe outlet for those except self

gratification, and sometimes their family won't even allow that to happen, or even allow that subject to be discussed. Really… what the fuck year is it?

Do we continue to allow sexually frustrated teen boys to chronically sleep jizz making a mess in their bed as often as several nights a week? Or, do we allow teens to practically go mad for lack of any outlet for their sexual urges? Isn't a teenager's emotional well being and mental health more important than adhering to grossly outdated sexual laws that have been broken universally throughout the years behind closed doors regardless of how hard people try to pretend such things never happen? That in itself is inane, and shows how much our outdated laws need to change to keep up with what actually happens in the real world, and has been happening in the real world for many decades.

Please… let's stop treating teenagers who are 14 and older like 2 year olds for shit's sake. Let's let teenagers 14 and older have the right to say what they want to do with their bodies. Please! Should we start locking up any teenagers 14 and older for having sex? Does that make any sense? What year is this? 1900? 1800? 1700? Oh, right, by all means, let's pretend we live in old Salem, so let's burn the sex-crazed teen witch or warlock at the stake! Or maybe instead of circumcisions we should perform eunuch surgery on boys. Yeah, that makes sense. Why snip off just one item when we can lop off a bunch of embarrassing parts?! That makes perfect sense. Just leave 'em with a little bitty stub of a dick just long enough to pee with. Yep!

Sometimes it feels like we're in the dark ages. I can't wait to hear, "lock up that girl who is age 15 because she let her brother, 14 see her naked, then performed hand sex on him so he wouldn't have a wet dream, and she'd have to do all that laundry the next day!" I'm surprised they don't also add, "let's hope her hand doesn't get pregnant!" Wow, it's the end of the world if stuff like that happens.

Society still refuses to allow complete sexual education in public school. Society still frowns upon incest or step sex as a safe means of educating teens about sex, or for ensuring safe sexual encounters (or at least the first one) to occur with a caring family member. Incest has been going on since we lived in caves. Would it be the end of the world for people to try to be a bit more open minded and stop ignoring what's been happening for centuries? Weird!

To be honest with myself, if it hadn't been for my step sister, my first fuck encounter likely would've been with some horny classmate with low standards because I was so inexperienced and geeky. I may've gotten her pregnant, and ruined both our lives in the process. Or, a dangerous STD may've been passed, and all the potential complications from that would have been risked. I'm so thankful that I had a caring older step sister perform my initiation-to-sex ritual (i.e., first fuck at 14), which taught me the basics of caring sex, instead of my having urgent, uncaring horny sex with some buddy's beast of a big sister.

Likewise, Rachel had me, a younger step cousin, to assist her with her first sexual encounter, and to be kind and caring throughout. Rachel is now a confident and outgoing young woman instead of a sexually frustrated young woman on the verge of yet another panic attack.

Dear Diary… listing of Lessons Learned (apologies for anything cliché)…

- Never stop making new happy memories. Those over-right the sad memories from your life, so eventually only the happy ones remain.
- Never be embarrassed to cry… only honest men cry.
- Never be embarrassed to cry… only caring men cry.
- Live life to the fullest because you only get one ticket to ride on your journey through life.
- Be a caring family member to the children in your life because every kid needs and deserves a caring family to get them started off on life's wonderful journey.
- Keep an open mind. The world needs more open minded people.
- Learn to follow your gut.
- Be kind. The world needs more kind people.
- Be honest. The world needs more honest people.
- Always be a gentleman or a gentlelady regardless of who it's for, or who may be watching.
- Remember that the heart wants what the heart wants.
- Learn to dance. Offer to dance with anyone who might otherwise not have the chance. Always ask properly for the pleasure of a dance.
- Know that trust and forgiveness go hand in hand.
- Make memories, especially loving memories.
- Ask permission before performing a sex act.
- Be yourself.
- Learn to listen. Then listen some more.
- Be caring. The world needs more truly caring people.
- Never deny love regardless of its origin.
- Never tease unless it's a kind tease.
- Have empathy for others, especially for situations you've experienced.

- Be funny, and laugh.
- Laugh some more. The world needs more kind laughter.
- Be a mentor, and expect no reward save the satisfaction of helping a young person travel on life's journey.
- Be kind and caring to the young. You were like them once.
- Be kind and caring to the old. You'll be like them some day.
- Be true to yourself and to others in matters of love.
- Enjoy art, regardless of which side of your brain is dominant.
- Be supportive of those whose lives or interests are different from your own.
- Honor your ancestors, especially those who guided and supported your journey through life. Thank them for their support while you have the chance. Thank them often.
- Honor those ancestors whom you've never met.
- Be kind and be supportive to those who are struggling, or who have struggled on life's difficult journey. Everyone… absolutely EVERYONE!… struggles on their journey through life at some time. Never, ever forget that!
- Leave a legacy, regardless of what it may be, such as your children and their children… or your work… or your good deeds… or your kind heart… or your smile.
- Never be embarrassed to share an honest and caring hug. Only caring people hug honestly.
- Make sure you have a high ratio of caring hugs given to those received on the day you die.
- Know that when showing love, the simplest forms are often the most effective, and the most appreciated.
- Share your life story with others. Maybe no one will read it today, but tomorrow someone will.
- Apologize sooner than later. Don't let resent fester.
- Forgive sooner than later. Forgive if for no other reason that the fact that no one is perfect, not even yourself.
- Never judge harshly those who have had to struggle on their journey through life. Kindly let them know they have your support if and when it's needed.

- Never laugh at the love of your life if she uses a weird-ass expression such as “holy shit nipples” during frantic sex. Being deeply, madly in love can make you say weird shit, and do strange things.

Dear Diary… more Lessons Learned (not necessarily detailed in this story)…

- Know that the world is a better place for you having been in it on the day you die.
- Learn to share. Learn to share in a way that protects the dignity of the recipient because everyone deserves the right to maintain their pride.
- Be generous, and expect no credit.
- Never be shallow. The world needs fewer shallow people.
- Never be self centered. The world needs fewer self centered people.
- Care for Planet Earth, and expect no credit or limelight.
- Be true to yourself.
- Offer support kindly, and freely. That’s more effective than support that is shallow and forced.
- Know that a job is a job, but a career is a career, and make your career one that makes you happy to arrive at work every day, and one which benefits society regardless of the credit.
- Know that the world’s best moms and the world’s best dads wear the oldest, most outdated clothing.
- Know that the world’s best moms and the world’s best dads drive the ugliest cars, but ensure they are safe and reliable.
- Know that the world’s best moms and the world’s best dads may have spittle on their clothing they didn’t know was there because they hurriedly left for work. Such things should be considered a badge of honor signifying they are a good parent.
- Be humble. The world needs more truly humble people, and fewer fake humble people.
- Never expect more from others than you give them.
- Make sure you have a high ratio of help freely given to help received on the day you die.
- Never expect credit for giving help freely.
- Identify obvious red flags in others, such as those people who seek the limelight merely for doing good deeds. The limelight is addictive to those with large egos who feign humility. Social media is overflowing with such red flags identifying shallow losers.

- Know that, in the big picture, the next generation, and the next, and so forth should be your biggest priority in life. Know that all else, although certainly important at times, pales in comparison. Repeat, in the big picture. Our reason for existing is to ensure the survival of our species. Make the next generation's journeys through life easier than yours, and happier.
- Do good deeds freely, especially those that will offer the least credit, attention, or publicity. That is, do good work freely from behind the scenes and thus away from the limelight.
- Learn to distinguish between people who are deep and caring from those who are shallow and self centered. Deep people are the ones to have in your life. Shallow losers will perhaps always be shallow, and it's best to avoid having them in your life if at all possible. But keep an open mind in that shallow losers may one day change for the better. Wish them well if they do.

Thanks for reading.

Signed…

Shane MacVane II… and Becca*

*I added "and Becca" right after a hard upper-arm punch. She's glorious. And now she's got another one of those smiles on her face… I know that look! So, what color condoms should I wear today? What positions do we try? How many hickeys will I leave? I don't deserve her! I just don't!

Dear Diary… Final Post Script… Short List of Deep Thoughts…

Go find your Becca… or… go find your Shane.

Never stop making new happy memories.

You only get one ticket ride on life's wonderful journey… enjoy it!

And again, thank for reading!

Shane and Becca (she's still fucking glorious!)